CHICAGO LEDGER

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The BLOOD of MONTEZUMA

The Strange Adventures which followed the trail of a priceless Aztec Jewel.

Begins in this issue

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The Editor Has His Say Here

THE editor was rummaging thru his desk the other day and he ran across an old friend—the notebook in which last year he jotted down his impressions of a trip in which he met and talked with hundreds of those with whom he talks every week thru the printed page. He returned from that trip with a new idea of your likes and dislikes, with what he believed was the ability to see thru your eyes, and that is the thing which all editors hope to do. No person who reads a copy of the Ledger is so humble that his opinion does not have weight with the men and women who are doing their best each week to give you the biggest nickel's worth in the country. Just for an example, let us take the letter of a little Canadian boy, who wrote us a week or two ago what easily was the most interesting communication which has fallen into our hands in many days.

THIS little boy probably never saw the inside of a big publishing house; his letter showed that he didn't pretend to know anything about editing a paper, yet his letter was valuable because he knew what he wanted and what he did not want in the fiction line and a study of his letter gave the editor one of the most important tips he had received in a long, long time. We are not going to print the letter here nor tell you what the boy said, for it might not be interesting, but that one letter is having its effect on the Ledger today, and you are all getting the benefit.

Another letter just like that one will be among the first shower of letters which you have sent him lately.

SPEAKING of little things having big results, one of the men who writes occasionally for the Ledger was in a mining community not long ago on a matter of business very foreign to the newspaper game. He was the witness of a dramatic incident which inspired him to write a serial for us. The scene is laid in a mining town where a big company is doing its best to fulfill a contract that means much to the United States Government in the war. As is the case wherever war industries are carried on, there were men in this town who did not want to see the United States and Allies win, who were bent on balking the attempts of this company as their bit toward helping Germany. With such a setting and such a plot you can readily see that the writer had the basis for a mighty good story. He calls it "In the Sign of the Purple Dagger," and we liked it very much. When it appears in the Ledger, sometime in the near future, we hope you are going to like it as well.

BETWEEN now and that time we expect to find favor with some other mighty good stories. Next week, in the June 1 number, we are featuring a new serial which will run in six or seven installments under the title "Into the Primitive." There is an old saying "Blood will tell" and there is another (we do not recall the exact words) which says that to get at the real man or woman you must strip off the veneer acquired thru civilization, must get thru the crust which results from years of association with others. Strange indeed would be the things we would learn about our most intimate friends if we could but get to the rock bottom of their natures. The author of "Into the Primitive" proves that when he chooses to put a rough, hardy man; a polished man of the world and a society girl upon an island and there let them work out their own salvation, it does not take so very long under such circumstances to get to the bottom of their natures. Put any two persons together and leave them alone for weeks and their real selves will come to the surface every time. Put two men and one woman in such a position and not even those who know them best can guess what is going to happen. Incidentally, "Into the Primitive" furnishes you with the jungle tale which we promised a short time back in response to your requests.

SEVERAL months ago we published some stories by Will Gage Carey. Not all of them were in the same vein and some of you liked all of them, some of you criticized others and if any of you didn't like any of them we didn't hear from you. Now Carey has been writing pretty steadily of late and we were given the opportunity to look over some of his recent stories and bought them. Carey knows the small town folk and when we were inquired we suspect that some of the incidents which he weaves into his stories actually occurred in some small town where he once lived. Anyhow, he has a clever way of telling them and he furnishes you many a chuckle and laugh. We don't know when the first of these stories will appear, but we hope that one of them will be in the next number. We have it scheduled for then, but in the publishing game you never can tell when something is going to upset all your plans, and "Putting Perkins in Pickle" may be laid over a week. It will be followed by "The Spillikin Stew" and "A Rhapsody in A-Flat."

THERE is one story now in type which we expect to give you next week, the short, snappy, interesting

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Of Mystery,
Adventure,
Humor and Love
Every Week

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THE IRONY OF FATE

By Vesta Stevens

Because she was a wife a woman was willing to pay a great price as a matter of duty, not love; then Fate stepped in and played one of her cruelest pranks.

[Copyright, 1918, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

JANET TRAYNOR waited until the last guest had gone, then she turned a little impatiently to her husband.

"For goodness' sakes, Billy, what is the trouble? You have hardly spoken a word all evening and you are as white as the proverbial sheet."

"I—I'm not up to the mark, Janet, I—oh, my God, I'm nearly crazy!"

"Will! What is it?"

Traynor paced up and down the floor for a few seconds, then stopped suddenly in front of his wife.

"I'm ruined," he cried. His weak mouth trembled and his face was gray in the dim light of the cozy library. "Ruined, I tell you—they—they've got me, Janet, this time for fair."

"Oh! what do you mean?"

"I hate to tell you, old girl. I know how hard you'll take it, but I did it for you—I was so sure this time it——"

"That means you have been speculating again—and lost?"

"Yes—but that isn't the worst of it—I took the money from the firm—oh! I was so sure I could put it back before——"

"You mean you have stolen money—again?"

"That's a hard word from one's wife—I—oh, what's the use?—you wouldn't understand—I'll kill myself, I swear I will."

He dropped into a chair and, leaning his head against his arm, burst into hoarse, horrible sobs—sobs of truthful tears.

For—e moment his wife hesitated, then laid her hands on his shoulder.

"Will," she said, "tell me everything, and I'll try——"

"Oh! Janet, you can't—you can't help me——"

"Oh! Janet, you can't—you can't help me——"

"Oh! Janet, you can't—you can't help me

First Installment of a Thrilling Serial of Mystery

The Blood of Montezuma

By Victor Ardmore

(Copyright, 1918, by W. D. Boyce Co.)

CHAPTER I.

A STRANGE STORY.

THE horse pricked up his ears and thrust his head forward with the manner of his kind when startled. Selwyn Windham straightened in the saddle and looked forward, but he had the tropical woods to deal with, and, tho it was unusually open for its kind, he could see only a few yards ahead.

Windham was suddenly alert, for, tho carrying a fearless heart, he was not rash enough to be indifferent where dangerous beasts and dangerous men were liable to cross his path at any moment. That his horse was not now alarmed was reassuring, tho hardly conclusive evidence.

While he was thinking he passed a thicket and saw a shack before him. It was a very rude affair, and so frail, even for that high-hill region, that there was room to believe it had been flung together, years before, by some traveler who, perhaps, desired temporary shelter from the rain of a night. Windham was about to pass carelessly by when he was brought to a sudden halt.

From the shack had come a groan, clearly bred of pain.

Not being the man to turn a deaf ear to suffering, Windham pulled at the rein, slipped from the saddle and made for the door. The open way and a sashless window combined to make the interior, and he was not at fault for a moment. In one corner he saw a man lying on the uncovered earth.

A single look explained much to experienced eyes. The stranger was unconscious, had developed a fever, and there were signs that told of approaching death. Also, there were the red gashes on his body where the clothing had been torn partly away. The gashes needed no explanation—the man had encountered a cougar, or some other deadly beast, and death trod back of its work.

Twice Windham spoke, but the man received no answer, he acted with celerity. A bucket at one side supplied what was then essential, and he dashed it the tiny brook he had ods back. Having filled bucket, he poured the fever-racked

[illegible] attentions with the [illegible] medical skill the goer in far places acquires.

Knowing that twilight was near the traveler presently went outside. His horse, always faithful, was cropping tender twigs near at hand. This recalled him to look for signs of the sick man before he came to the shack. Searching, he found the track of a human and a stain of blood at the door, but the four-footed bearer of its master had wandered away. Windham found it and he carried in his pack and returned to sit by his charge.

The water and cooling of the wounds had had some beneficial effect. The man muttered less and groaned less, but it failed for no great time then that the end was not far off. There being nothing else to do, Windham finally lay down and slept. He was aroused by sounds that rang in his ears and brought him to to his feet. The patient again was babbling with force that told nothing conscious back of it. Words fell from his fevered lips.

"I must get there!" he said almost wildly. "I must, I will! Never shall it be said that Pablo Corter failed to do his duty. I will meet the brethren, so they can see that, tho this is my first travel, I have the power and I will not succeed. But these wounds—malediction on the cougar!"

A hand waved feebly to one of his hurts. He was growing wilder and Windham checked him and spoke soothingly. Able to speak the broken Spanish and the mongrel dialect of the mountains, he recognized the latter and used it well and with perceptible effect.

Pablo Corter was with his fancies of the hour.

"I will be there," he went on. "Ay, I'll be there, one of the elect, faithful thru the generations. I must ward off fruitless until the goal is reached. But these wounds—ah, they bite, they bite! My curse on the cougar! What does it matter that I killed him before I fainted? He has gashed me horribly!"

Again the hand strayed to the wounds.

"I can get there," repeated the stricken man. "The map is full and almost could the blind find the way. I shall be there and see. I shall look, I shall touch it—the Blood of Montezuma."

Windham started a little. Perhaps there had been more than one Montezuma, but never but one who had a name in the memory of mankind and a place in their hearts. And he had died nearly four hundred years before. Surely, it was aberration of fever when Pablo spoke of Montezuma's blood.

Renewing his ministrations Windham managed, after half an hour, to bring another period more quiet. The hours passed, but they brought no ray of hope. Pablo was nearing his end, and it looked as if he would slip away without regaining consciousness. Windham had partly used the small supply of brandy he had in a flask, but it did no more than stay the inevitable a little.

Morning was approaching when there was a change. Pablo had been lying fairly quiet, his eyes closed and his breathing feeble, but now they opened suddenly to be given him, his eyes opened and he stared intently at his companion.

"So, Lopez, 'tis you!" he exclaimed. "You have come in good time, for I am about to start for—never mind where, but I must go, and you must help me away. A good act of kindness it will be, for I have a message in my head to which no welcome now as a man from my own town?"

He tried to rise, but fell back weakly.

"Saint Catherine!" he gasped, "I am near spent!"

"Rest be quiet," Windham urged.

"No, no!—the true brethren await, and I must go—"

Again he moved, and again he fell back.

"Useless!" he moaned.

Windham looked at him pityingly. Reason was still absent. Pablo had mistaken his companion for a personal friend, and the wounds and fever were strong within him, no coherence lay back of it. He lay quiet, staring at vacancy, a worried look on his face. For how long like this, evidently thinking, yet not as well men think. Twice Windham spoke to him, but without receiving attention.

"Lopez, you must go in my place!"

The words came abruptly from the dying man's lips.

"Let me tell you all," he added.

He hesitated, seemed to think for words, then tried to spread his hands in a gesture.

[illegible] all. [illegible] when Montezuma [illegible] will all ever die. We live for the future, live to look forward to better times, and some generation of our people will see better times. At present we have only our history and memory of our great kings."

He paused, feebly moving his head, and Windham silently gave him a sip of the brandy.

"Listen, Lopez!" the dying man resumed. "A few hours' journey from here, a knife-thrust from the wild mountains, is a secret vault where, centuries ago, the faithful placed certain objects that had been Montezuma's in his lifetime, and the objects are there now. Do you know this?"

"No," Windham replied.

"Few knew it when the objects first were stored in the secret place, and few have ever known, but always there have been brethren who knew. The vault was divided into twelve districts, and one man in each district was in the secret that personal relations of the great king had been saved and were thus stored away. It is the same now. For near four hundred years the twelve brethren have known, and the elders grew old and died, but always twelve brethren knew, and as one died he was sent to the vault once a year, looked upon the articles so sacred because they had been Montezuma's and brought tribute and love for the great departed. Some came long distances, for their districts were remote, but always they came—the twelve brothers."

Windham listened, looked and wondered. Here was a man in the throes of death, yet he seemed flighty headed. Whence came the power he then had to make himself clear?

"A few months since," continued the feeble voice, "the brother in my district died. For years, before that, he had recommended me for his successor there, and the Supreme Council, by which I mean the other eleven brothers, approved of his choice, so I became the one man in my district who knew of the vault and its secrets.

"The annual meeting is for tomorrow night, and I was on the way to the place when the cougar gave me my deathhurts. I shall never reach there, never see the vault or the brothers—for I have not seen any of them in the past. They selected me wholly on my old friend's recommendation. I cannot go, and it will be thought that I am false to my trust."

The speaker's hand was thrust forth and he seized Windham's arm with surprising strength.

"Lopez," he added, "you must go in my place!"

The listener started. Well did he know the public story of Montezuma, the unhappy king of the Aztecs, but what had just been told was new. Relics of the king existed, and twelve men were to meet and examine them.

"You must go in my place!" Pablo repeated forcibly.

There was a stir in Windham's blood. Adventure had been dear to him, and novelty had its charm. The sick man had not failed to make an impression, for a wide, wild vista was opened before his hearer.

"You will go," Pablo pursued, "and you will give them the papers I have. Perhaps they will make you a delegate in my place, but that is for them to say. What I ask is that you turn over my papers to them and not fail to meet them because I am dead."

"But," said Windham, "how am I to find the way?"

"Put your hand in my pocket. You will find all the papers there, and one is a map with written directions. You cannot miss the way."

Windham hesitated, and Pablo grew excited. He begged, implored, plied pleas, and they settled the matter. Windham's blood had cooled as he mastered a sudden impulse. He replied quietly.

"I will go as your ask," he replied quietly. "Trust me."

"I know I can trust you, for you, too, are an Aztec, and love for Montezuma is strong in your heart. Perhaps they will make you a delegate, but—they will probably—turn you back kindly."

Pablo's voice sank to a whisper, and he lay motionless, his eyes closed, heedless of what was said to him. The minutes saw him sink rapidly. Twice it looked as if he would not speed, and Windham bent to listen for breathing, but presently he started half up, his eyes wildly, feverishly gazing.

"I shall see it!" he cried—"the Blood of Montezuma!"

He fell back and never spoke again. [illegible] life had gone with his last [illegible] but it was not until some hours [illegible] that Windham considered his next step. Within him the flame of adventure was strong. He was a native of Louisiana, but past 30 years old. Inheriting both money and a roving disposition he had been far afield in the West of the United States and Mexico, and in Central and South America, his journeyings always being in the wildest parts of the country he passed, having been on a solitary trip in the mountains, he was getting clear of the civil wars there after which he intended to go home.

First, he was to pause in the City of Mexico and pick up his body servant, one Rudolf Hertz, who had left him there a month before with a broken arm, then he was due in Vera Cruz to meet an old friend, Pablo Corter, the sufferer. But he had made a promise to the dying man and its redemption promised strange adventure and such as were the spice of life to Windham.

He unfolded the papers taken from Pablo's pocket and looked at them. The map was crude in a way, and the accompanying notes poorly written, but when he had studied them over Windham felt certain he could find the eleven delegates and give them news of Pablo.

Then he smiled grimly and said inwardly, "A vault, and relics of the great Montezuma. I wonder what they are?"

Conjecture was to be put presently with singular results. When Pablo had unfolded his strange story it had appealed powerfully to the American. The claim that, for almost four centuries, successive generations of Aztecs had been sentinels over their hapless king in a mountain vault, and that annually twelve faithful descendants made a pilgrimage of love and loyalty to look upon them and make sure they were safe, was so remarkable that Windham had been seized with the desire—an impulse born of his adventurous nature —to pass himself off as Pablo and see what nobody save a very few Aztecs had seen, the secret vault.

It might be done. He had complexion dark enough, a command of language all sufficient, to fool Pablo's papers, and since Pablo had said he had never seen any of the delegates their eyes could not detect the cheat.

It might be done, yet he had abandoned the impulse after the briefest harboring of it. Why not see the men, the vault, the relics? What harm would it be to the real Brethren? True, they revered what was there, and justly, but if he never told the tale even to his friend—what harm if he saw?

He wavered, hesitated, but the desire was not to be banished. Haunted by the passion, he found himself dwelling upon it at intervals, and the melancholy romance that colored all the Aztec king's life similarly colored his desire.

Again and again he opened the papers. On one of them were the passwords of the Twelve Brethren, few and simple but, to the uninitiated, obscure. It could be done, but—

Windham rose and went outside. Day had come carelessly. The wood was joyous with the cries of its natural denizens, and, even more musical to his ears, his horse whinnied a welcome and came and rubbed its muzzle against his friendly hand. Day, and a duty. He owed a debt to Pablo Corter. He lacked a spade, yet the dead man must be consigned to his last resting place.

An abandoned burrow of some large animal helped, and with stick and stone he enlarged and shaped it. At noon he bore the body there, covered it with earth, and piled rocks upon the top that no wild creature should disturb it.

It was done. Death had been consigned to earth, dust to dust, and the mound that was a token of man's transient life had its tribute.

Windham returned to the shack and looked the papers over again. The map was not difficult to follow, save about when to start for the place where the Brethren were to meet. He would go, do his duty, then ride on to see more and more. The relics—temptation came upon him again.

Why should he not see what no American had ever yet seen?

The final decision had not been made when he saddled his horse and, with a word, traveled mainly thru woods, but almost constantly with mountain peaks in sight, the landmarks that enabled him to travel by them with certainty.

Darkness found him still going, but he knew he was on the right field of action, and a peculiar mountain uplift enabled him to proceed with absolute certainty.

His way now was over a half-open wood, and the night was not thick enough to make near-objects [illegible] He was progressing slowly when he chanced to detect a moving object [illegible] shape of a [illegible] tree to free it fell in behind him, and there he went it went.

CHAPTER II

IN DANGEROUS COMPANY.

WINDHAM'S hand was now on his revolver, but, believing that the man might be one of the Twelve Brethren, he made no hostile movement. Nor was the last thing he desired. Sixty seconds later he cast a secret glance backward and made a mental reservation. The second man was with the first, and on both sides other men walked singly.

Windham surrounded and followed.

In that moment Windham's mind worked with a clearness not given him before. He was in danger. He was not there as a messenger in an ordinary case, but to meet men who had charge of what had been for four centuries. Those who had been expected were trustworthy comrades, while he was an adventurous foreigner.

How would he be received?

The answer flashed upon him, and he wondered at his past dullness. It was absolutely certain that the Aztecs would not let a stranger go away with even a hint of the secret of his possession. With so much at stake, they would not risk the secret was not told, and there was but one way to hide it.

In that flash of mental light Windham knew the truth. An outsider might find mercy, but it would be the welcome of the grave. The Blood Brethren might be wedded to honor and peace in a thing. A stranger would not be permitted to go forth and reveal what had been hidden for four centuries.

Windham stiffened in his saddle, but his wits were working well. He was cool, and he sought for a way out of the danger. His mind answered its own question. An Aztec would have slight chances of escaping alive. As Pablo Corter he might win thru and at the same time satisfy his curiosity regarding the Montezuma relics. Fate and personal safety had decided for him that he must assume Pablo's identity.

Almost as he realized this a voice sounded from the darkness and, recognizing with a first of pride the mystic passwords on Pablo's papers, he had his answer ready. Other questions followed, and the whole was unfolded in order.

"Whence comest thou?"

"From the hill that is a valley."

"Whence goest thou?"

"To the lake that is solid rock."

"How wilt thou reach it?"

"By moving away from it."

"Who will guard thee?"

"The warrior that is a saint."

"This," Pursued the Senior Brother, "Is the Blood of Montezuma."

"Who is he?"
"A brother."
"Of whom?"
"The rock."

A man started forward from the shadows, came close to the rider and held out a hand. Little was to be seen of him, but his manner was now pacific. Windham had answered the truly strange questions of the password group properly, and the voice that had been harsh [illegible] before now was [illegible] and [illegible] very [illegible] have been a [illegible] melodious. [illegible] Then

"Enough!" [illegible]

"Pablo Corter, a new brother. My papers are here."

He passed them over, and as the questioner took them the men who had lately skulked came forward and greeted the newcomer with grave kindness. Committed to the venture, Windham dismounted and stood among them, his mood as calm as theirs. The light was not good enough for him to distinguish their faces, but they had the look of fairly prosperous men of the middle class.

A few feet away his papers were being examined with the aid of a lantern, and when he who had spoken first turned to him again it was with quiet friendliness.

"Welcome, Brother Pablo Corter," he said. "We take you into our inner circle, and trust you may be as faithful as the good man you have succeeded. Brethren, we have two new members here, delegates who have succeeded those who have yielded to death. Brother Miguel Vasco you have greeted already. Accept Brother Pablo as he has accepted us. And now to business, for day must find us widely scattered. Follow me!"

"My horse?" asked Windham.

"A few rods distant our own animals are tied. Yours shall be left with them. After that, business."

The last of the journey was slow and troublesome. In indifferent light they climbed a semi-precipice so steep that half an hour was consumed in going a short distance. Then the leaders halted.

"Brethren," pursued the spokesman, "we are here for a sacred purpose. Centuries ago our illustrious king died, slain by the Spaniard. Perhaps none of us has the blood of Montezuma in his veins, yet we are all Aztecs, and, being so, we revere the name of the great king. When he died divers of his faithful followers preserved relics of his life and his uses and a vault was chiseled from solid rock to preserve them in. The danger was not from decay, for none is perishable, but from thieves. Thanks to the vault in this remote mountain place, no thieves have come and the relics are safe today.

"For nearly four hundred years the guardians of the vault, the Twelve Brethren, have met here annually to make sure that all was well. The guardians have grown old and died, and been succeeded by others, and so the Twelve always have been kept intact.

"You know that we do not believe the Aztec kingdom is forever extinct, but that, in Providence's own good time, it will be restored to its former glory, and that a king will be sent to us who will be another Montezuma.

"Meanwhile, we have our trust to look to from generation to generation.

"Of the things in the vault only [illegible] is powerfully appealing to us. [illegible] is flat, spiral [illegible] broad-toed sho[illegible] The new brethren now will be told what the one exception is.

"When our ill-fated king was a prisoner in the hands of the Spaniards he tore the bandages from his wounds and would not be healed. Once, when he did this, a drop of blood was flung to the floor. It did not fall and splash and die away in a stain, but retained an even shape and rolled away like a ball. It went a long distance and was seen by a loyal subject. He picked it up, and lo! it was no longer liquid, but a gem, hard, bright, many-hued, and unlike anything before seen.

"So it came into existence, and he who had obtained it was dazzled by its brilliancy, and noted its darting shades of color, among which the most pronounced was red, blood-red. And from that fact it was named the Blood of Montezuma, because it came from the veins of the persecuted king, and was held above price.

"The finder showed it to other Aztecs, and when they had deliberated they had a plan. Taking the gem and the less valuable relics, they journeyed far, reached this lonely, uninhabited mountain, and here hollowed out a vault for the mementos. And here they have been for near four centuries, watched over by the Twelve Brethren. All the relics are sacred to our king's people, but only the Blood of Montezuma is of money value. That, because it is so much like a diamond, and yet so unique, would bring thousands of dollars in the public markets of the world.

"New brethren, Miguel Vasco and Pablo Corter, all Aztecs love and revere the name and memory of our hapless, murdered king, and what pertained to him is sacred. In God's chosen time our nation—or so we fervently believe—will be restored to power and a new Montezuma will reign. When this is so the Twelve Brethren who then guard the relics—it may be centuries from now—will give to the later king what they so long have treasured here.

"Meanwhile, we watch and guard, loyal, devoted, reverent, hiding our secret from the flippant world that would laugh at us and credit no part of our story. Aye, we watch and guard, ready, if need arises, to die for our trust, or to kill if it is imperiled.

"We bind our members to no unmeaning oath of fidelity, for oaths may be broken, but choose new brethren with care. Once chosen, a brother is morally pledged to be faithful. No brother has ever been treacherous. If he had been he would have died at the hands of loyal guardians. It is death for an outsider to [illegible] here, death for a [illegible] them, but not [illegible] danger he had always liked, and had met in many forms, and always with unshaken courage, but, now, he wished himself well out of his situation.

He was about to deceive men who held a sacred trust, and held it with loyalty to a great king and with religious fervor. It had been said that it was death for an outsider to learn of the relics, and he was an outsider. Discovery meant that they would kill him if they could, and, mingled with shame that he should deceive them, he wavered under something he had never felt before—personal fear.

Gladly would he have given up the business of the hour and gone in swift retreat, but the privilege was denied him. From the moment they first saw him retreat had been impossible. Coming to do them a favor he had become a victim of fate, and discovery meant death.

For a few yards farther they picked their way among black rocks, traveling a passage so obscure that Windham could see nothing, then a pause was made in what proved to be a miniature cave. Here the lantern was relighted.

Its rays fell upon the Twelve Brethren. Windham looked them over mechanically. All were dark-faced and black-haired, yet there was little in the looks of the greater part to suggest Indian blood in dominating quantity. Rather were they like middle class Mexicans, but it was to be noted that every face was intelligent, bold, hardy and full of power.

Grave, even somber, they grouped and waited.

"New brethren," continued the leader, "be acquainted with your elder associate guardians. I am Jeromo Faxardo, the senior brother." He gravely shook the hands of the new associates. "This is Francisco Ulloa, and this Berdardo Galvez——". The list progressed, each man, as introduced, shaking the hands of the novitiates, and each looking gravely and attentively into the eyes of the two. "This," continued Jeromo, at the end, "is Crispo Bayer."

The twelfth man had been hovering at the rear, indifferent, quiet and sullen, but he now lounged forward. Windham suddenly found the brother before him—one taller than his fellows, with more show of Indian blood, a lean, sinewy fellow with jet-black hair and eyes. Except for a mustache his face was clean shaven, and it was the face of a hawk. Every feature gave that impression, and the long, drooping mustache accentuated it. His gaze was so intent as to be boring, and his face so offensive and ominous that the American [illegible] an impulse to shrink [illegible] Others had spoken [illegible] greeting, but Crispo [illegible] with him." per[illegible] away. Windham was [illegible] when he went.

CHAPTER III.
THE SACRED BLOOD.

"NOW," resumed the senior brother, "we must look closer to our new brothers and note their characteristics. Their height and most conspicuous features will be noted, according to our custom. Brother Larazo Zurita, bring the measuring rod."

It was done, and presently the smooth voice of the leader rose again.

"Brother Miguel Vasco, five feet six inches tall—eyes drooping at the inward corners—fingers unusually short, with a deformed joint of the second finger of the left hand—a lower tooth missing—ears prominent——"

He continued until the end, a scribe writing down the items in a book. After Miguel's turn came Windham.

"Brother Pablo Corter, five feet nine inches tall, shoulders very square, wrists unusually large for the size of his hands, scar on back of neck like a crescent, teeth firm and white and remarkably large, hair soft and abundant——"

So he went on until Windham had been minutely described and his characteristics noted in the book. Then the record, with more added, was thrust into a crevice in an obscure place, to lie until another meeting was called.

While this was being done Crispo Bayer came closer to Windham and softly touched his wrist.

"Yes, it is large, very large!" he commented.

He looked up into Windham's face, his hawk eyes boring, tho the ghost of a smile was on his hawk face. Windham did not smile. Crispo repelled him, worried him as no man had ever done before. He did not like to breathe the same air with the sharp-faced man.

If Crispo had an idea it was not developed. The senior brother was speaking again.

"Now we will look and make certain the relics are safe. After that we go away and, scattering, proceed to our homes in the twelve districts. As soon as we make our exit, we fade into the night like shadows. Words need not be spoken outside. We go, I say, like shadows, urging our horses where we may. Come!"

Under his touch a section of the rough wall opened like a door. He explained how it was done, but too vaguely to be understood, after which they followed him. They traversed a narrow passage, it being, like all beyond the cave, artificial, and chiseled by the hand of Aztecs,

who had lived in Montezuma's day. It led them to the vault.

Windham, looking, saw a circular rock cavity something like twelve feet in diameter. In its center was an uplift of the same kind, elaborately formed with small ornamental columns, lotus-tion flowers and shrubs, and with a profusion of other carvings the nature of which he could not determine. Those who had done the work had been artists at their calling, and the whole was shapely to the point of delicate beauty.

Faxardo gave little time for survey.

"These," he said briefly, pointing, "are the table objects used by our king in his lifetime. This—"

Windham was looking with the others. Afterwards, he was vaguely conscious that dishes had been there, dishes of gold and silver and of other metals he could not name, but these made small impression.

From the center of the inclosure, as one light fell there, came gleams the like of which he had never seen—rays of rainbow tints, a scintillating, radiant combination of splendor and magnificence. And the rays shot at him—dominating, brilliant, bewildering until his brain seemed to reel with the gorgeous glitter.

"This," pursued the senior brother, "is the Blood of Montezuma, the drop that fell from his wound and was turned into solid ball, a gem superior to diamonds, the like of which was never seen before. Brethren, you are before the life-blood of the great king. Kneel!"

Every man went down upon his knees. When Faxardo rose the rest came to their feet. Windham stared again at the gem. He had seen famous diamonds, but nothing to equal this. The splendor of it dazzled him, and the scintillation of it seemed to permeate his very being. Lying on its bed of wool it was not like a thing of life, yet the size was so small that, if of the same density as a diamond, it would not weigh more than one carat.

The senior brother was again speaking.

"For now took your last on the sacred relics, look your last on the Blood of Montezuma. Remember that the great king suffered, bled—and his royal blood is here!"

Perhaps five seconds were allowed for survey, then the cunningly-contrived door began to close under Faxardo's touch. And then there was a clatter that turned his eyes to the outskirts of the group. Lorazo Zurita's dagger had fallen from his belt to the stone floor. He picked it up gravely and nobody was inclined to smile at the mishap.

The door clicked and the relics were shut from view.

"We have only to depart," said the senior brother. "Come!"

They filed out in silence, the lantern, glowing feebly at their backs. Words were wasted, but when the outer air was reached all shook hands gravely, and mostly in silence.

"Ho!" said Faxardo quietly.

Seaver Windham felt himself a new man with the touch of the open air in his nostrils. He had left apprehension and despondency behind, and his blood seemed to gather force and momentum and the thrill of life to pulse freshly in his being. Glad that no more was asked of him in words he found his horse and mounted as others were mounting.

The darkness had increased and he could recognize nobody, but this did not displease him. He had one all-pervading desire, a wish to get clear of them that was so intense it seemed to flog his back and shout for haste. Ashamed that necessity had compelled him to intrude on the sacred secrets of others, even the new rush of life did not wholly quiet his fears.

Even yet they might suspect him and kill, and he could not blame them if they did. For he was an outsider, and that seemed to mean a spy.

Left entirely to his natural wishes, he would have gone a mile or two down the mountain and turned sharply to the south, for it was a course that ultimately would take him to a public way, thence to the City of Mexico, but he was wary.

Having been ordered to return to his home district, his direction as the supposed Pablo Cortez, was northward. He turned his horse's head that way and rode on, and gradually the movements of his late companions became less audible. As the faithful supposed, twelve brothers were departing for twelve widely separated districts in the Republic of Mexico.

"Anyhow," Windham mused, "they will never suffer thru me, for I shall hold my secret from all mankind. When men have watched over such treasures for

Gave Back Grapple for Grapple.

four centuries they deserve all possible consideration. What I know I'll never tell."

It was a firm resolution, but his thoughts suddenly became centered upon the Blood of Montezuma. The magnificence of the gem burned into his mind and thrilled him wonderfully. Imagination placed the marvelous rays again before him, and he fairly reveled in their splendor.

A slight stumble of his horse brought him back to practical life and he shook the bridle rein lightly and his thoughts.

Violent hands were laid upon him, and he was dragged from his seat. He saw a mass, and a heavy blow fell upon his head.

CHAPTER IV.

A STARTLING DISCOVERY.

TAKEN wholly by surprise, Windham was not able to check the fall, but the instant he struck he was alert. Years of wild life had made him familiar with danger, strife and hostile encounters, and experience had developed his natural alertness to a radical point. The blow had fallen glancingly on his head, so its effect was as nothing, and in a moment more he was himself.

Gaining his feet irresistibly he gave back grapple for grapple, blow for blow, and, having a wholesome dislike for treacherous knives, he beset his assailant like a tiger. Quickly learning that he had strength far superior to that of his antagonist, he drove him back roughly. The latter's feet caught on a vine or shrub and he fell heavily against a tree. Crumpled upon the ground he lay still.

It speedily became clear that, thru an accident, the unarmed man of the two was again open for Windham to go, but he lingered with the surprise of a discovery. Believing he had recognized his assailant, he was, nevertheless, so puzzled that he stayed. Then he went down and felt of the man's left hand. The joint of the second finger was deformed.

The man was the novitiate of the evening, Miguel Vasco.

A rustle in the bushes near at hand wound the senses to keener abstraction, and, vaulting into the saddle again, he urged his horse on even faster than was prudent. Vasco would be left on his unshod feet, and no harm came of the speed.

Windham was utterly perplexed. The attack was unprovoked, vicious, and the he was not sure that his death was planned, there was a good prospect that the assassin's assault would, in any case, have been fatal but for his alertness in meeting it so promptly.

But why would the new brother attempt his life? Granted that he was suspected, why should he be entrusted at the shrine he trusted with the work? Surely, such a task belonged to the most faithful of the older members.

Feeling that there was something behind it all, Windham abandoned the problem for the present. He could, at

Grade medical
acquired

Not
will all ever die.
Future, live to
and no

Persia
In behind him.
the and time said a time he should. Ta-
ward, and warlsome
sounds, turned his horse's head east
and started to descend the mountain.
The sooner he left the vault places be-
hind and was on a public road that led
to the City of Mexico, the better.

He soon found that his deflivities were often so sharp that it was impossible to burden his horse with his weight, so he left the saddle and he and the animal went down like comrades, sliding, slipping but always saved from a fall by skill and good fortune.

Day dawned just as they reached level ground, and he found the derlivities when mounted and started nearly due south. It was late in the afternoon when he emerged from the mountain region and, coming to a rude road, advanced with the certainty that he was in the realm of civilization.

Two days later he reached the city.

He went at once to the hotel he had previously selected, being the same where he had left Radd Bodil, his servant whose broken arm had made necessary their separation when the master had gone on the journey he had just finished.

Radd Bodil, as sound as ever, was awaiting him in eager expectancy, and his greeting was a profound bow and genial smile, together with fluent words of joy. He was a tall, slender man with black hair and swarthy face, intelligent, not bad looking, always respectful, and as deft-handed as ever valet was.

Until six months before self-reliant Windham had never thought of having a servant. Fully able to take care of himself, he had done it with uncommon equal to that of a poor man, and often he had laughed at other men who burdened themselves with valets.

One day, hunting in the sierras, he had been overwhelmed by the unexpected attack of a panther, and his life would have gone out like a candle-flame had not a shot sounded near that laid the beast low in death. It was Radd Bodil who had pulled the trigger, and they met then for the first time. Windham gave him thanks and offered him five thousand dollars. The money was declined, but Radd besought the privilege of becoming his new acquaintance's servant. It was impossible to refuse, and the connection became an established fact.

In a week Windham would not have parted with his man for a fortune. Radd Bodil was a marvel. He attended to all his master's wants, and usually anticipated them. Under his hands old garments grew new and new became better. Deft as a woman, he had the straightforward way of men, and as his respectful homage never sunk into unmanly servility his wide experience in many lands led to his varied stories and fund of useful information being of deep interest.

He stated that he was an Agab, and he certainly knew the Agabian country better than he knew other lands. He spoke many tongues. He had lived in cities and wandered in the deserted places of all continents and all large islands. He could cook the choicest of rich dishes, and build a house, a horse, doctor a patient, pick up the faintest of trails, shoot from the saddle unerringly and be generally useful. As Windham looked at it, Radd Bodil could do all things well.

Such was the valet, now, happily, free from his physical injury.

It was a soiled and tattered master who came to the hotel, but Radd Bodil took him in hand at once. He soon had him in a bath, the temperature of which was judged by Radd Bodil, and the skillful hands rubbed him down at the end with strokes that glided over as his every muscle and nerve, which dried the skin as if by magic.

Then the human marvel clad his master in fresh clothing.

"The Effendi has been in wild places," said Radd, as he arranged the master's tie with fingers that almost seemed to purr.

"How do you know that?" Windham asked.

"His clothes have been harshly used, and the mud upon them is not city mud. Another panther, perchance?"

"I've seen none."

"Brigands then?"

"Not even that."

Windham meditated. It was hard to deny Radd anything, and he would have dreamed of telling him of the Blood of Montezuma or the Twelve Brethren he felt that he should say something.

"I did get assaulted by a fellow who, perhaps, thought I was another man, and he did no good to my garments, but my chief wear and tear has been pushing my way thru chaparral and among sharp rocks. You know my way. I've just been roughing it."

"We go soon to your home in Louisiana?"

"Only for a few weeks. I have business there and must be ready to make a trip abroad. I've a fancy to see Persia, Arabia and from there to India. Another time I shall go to Lake Nyanza and the Victoria Nile."

"Effendi, India is a land of pigs," said Radd Bodil strongly.

"Four footed?"

"Two footed, Effendi."

"Then we will not eat them. Really, I have a desire to see India and study its strange life."

"Some who have studied it have died, Effendi. Still, if it be your will—yes, we will go."

He picked up the clothes Windham had worn home.

"Give them to a beggar!" their owner directed brusquely, looking with ill will at the rents and earth-smears.

"First, we must take out your knife, your handkerchief—"

He pulled at the article last mentioned, and then nothing else happened. There was a slight sound and something rolled across the floor until it brought up against the wall. Lying there it sent forth rays of such intense, shimmering light that they could not fail to look. Windham looked, and then paled with emotion that was no more of surprise than actual consternation.

The Blood of Montezuma lay on his floor!

How had it come there—this gem that for four centuries had been hidden in a secret vault in the wildest of wild Mexico? And how had it been taken from under the watchful eyes of the Brethren? Windham himself could not answer. Even more mysterious things happen in the installment to be published next week.

Why Mr. Lott Didn't Enlist

JOSHUA LOTT sometimes lives up to his name, but there is a conductor on the Prospect line who should be named Josh Moore. Notwithstanding the conductor's urging to "step up in front," Lott clings to a place on the rear platform when he can in order to be able to squeeze off at McGee street with result and injury to fewer other passengers. This morning Lott was brightening up the corner where he was with some remarks about the service when the conductor horned right in.

"Say," he said, "I've often looked at you and wondered why you didn't enlist. But I know now."

"How's that?" asked Lott, helpfully.

"Because you're so all-fired scared of getting up to the front," said the conductor.

Just then the sixty-passenger car stopped at a transfer point to let about eighty more get on, and Lott was the first to start struggling toward the front to make room for them.

The "Plain" Cure for Bill Grover

By H. A. Moore

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Even the men of the West who do not ask your history but take you for what you are despised him until a little child appeared and things were explained.

SAGE CITY was mighty curious about him. Down where Sioux Creek bursts out from precipitous bluffs to crawl across the plains toward the east, he had, one year before, bought a small farm, and in this sentinel spot he had become a hermit. His only venture into the outside world was when he was in need of supplies; upon such occasions he drove across the sagebrush-spotted plains to Sage City—and his coming was always resented.

He was a burly, brushy black-bearded man, old in appearance, but young in actual years. As he strode down the sidewalk, glancing neither to the right nor left, grimly intent upon his own business, his eyes were coldly bitter. His voice, when he spoke, tanged with a strong tone of despondency and with a severely sharp note which effectively discouraged any sympathy or friendliness.

The free, light-hearted cowboys instinctively hated and shunned him. Among the cowboys, local customs, backed by a sufficiently strong popular opinion, were usually supreme, and discords were severely weeded out. Bill Grover was a discord in their gay, effervescent, reckless lives, and they resented his presence. With many of them such resentment was likely to impel violent action, in which Bill Grover would play an ignoble part. Young Dave Hadok, foreman of the Red Bar ranch, in particular, was angry.

"Who is he?" demanded Dave of the Yellow Jacket saloon habitues. "Stalkin' about on the streets of our beautiful city like a stack of gloom, refusin' to speak a friendly word, except to snap like a surly coyote; and, when he looks at you, his eyes are that cold and haughty, as if he dared you to so much as lift a finger!"

It was true; but young Dave and his kind were unintimidated by the haughty man's arrogance.

"Who is he, I asks?" continued Dave insinuatingly. "Why authority does he push himself into our midst and sour the whole country? Where is the spirit of the Yellow Jacket boys that they allow this fellow to trample their spirits into the ground?" Dave was warming to his subject, coining stronger sarcasm accent on every word.

"Member who — runs this town?" Jim Rihiey, owner of the Yellow Jacket, and Snake Eye Pete, in his little shack on the edge of town, had issued the order: "Let 'em alone; he's sot on the world." And little, weazened Snake Eye Pete usually was obeyed, not alone on the account of his reputation for freeness in the use of his wickedly-notched gun, but, also, because Pete, in his peculiar way, often uttered words of canny wisdom.

But Dave was angry and disgusted. "Pete be d—d!" he declared. "I, for one, won't lose no sympathy if Bill Grover accidentally runs head first into a stray bullet."

Just then Snake Eye Pete slid into the saloon, and young Dave suddenly forgot what he had been talking about. Pete glided up to the bar; his eyes glittered with that subtle light which had given the little man his name and helped to make him feared.

"Dave's just talkin' to see if his head's still runnin'," he said, soft'ly; and Dave realized with a start that Pete had been listening. "Dave hain't got no reason to get into a row with Bill Grover" continued the little czar, with his cold eyes on Dave's half averted face; "sides, if he did, he wouldn't goin' to stand for no more foolishness." Sani Brill was the Sage County sheriff; but the men knew Snake Eye Pete's covertly warning Dave to mind what he was doing.

Young Dave was sullen. "I don't care," he argued recklessly. "Bill Grover is enough to give anybody the glums; he's enough to rile a feller, and I'm not to show his temper to me again!" Dave's eyes flashed, and he brought his fist down with a resounding thump. "I—" he began fiercely; but Snake Eye Pete interrupted him with the sharpness of a stiletto.

"Dave," he said admonishingly, "thar's been entirely too many rumpuses bein' carried on in this town, Dave, recently; thar's Sate Cluné shot over to Bar X two weeks ago, and thar's Tray Bates shot most to bofes by a gang right afore last. Taint' no reason that both on 'em was skunks and needed it. It's got to be quit!" Pete ominously fingered the smooth handle which protruded from his holster. "The next rumpus I-hear on, I'm goin' to investigate."

If Snake Eye Pete started out to keep order the men knew there wouldn't be a better guardian of the law in the West. But young Dave was a wise young man for his years; he suspected that Pete had a secret motive for wishing to protect Bill Grover, and it astonished him greatly.

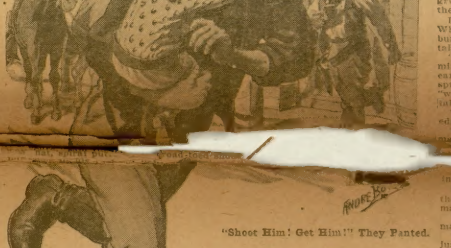
"Somebody'll sure get the old grouch, just the same." Dave's thoughts had reverted to Bill Grover, and he was speaking to his pony as he loped along that night. Dave was prophesying partly for himself.

It was Saturday night in Sage City. The town swarmed with noisy, good-natured cowboys; they flowed in a continual stream from the darkness of the street into the lighted buildings, and from the interior of the lighted buildings into the dark street. They banded up and down the streets, and the night was pierced with their hilarious voices, mingled with laughter; occasionally a red spurt jabbed the blackness as some tickled cowboy coupled a shot with his whoop to better express his appreciation of some rare joke. The interior of the Yellow Jacket saloon was glaringly revealed to its utmost corner. The cowboys, whose garments varied with respect to neckwear or other temporary ornament, but invariably included the gun and holster, thronged the floor, clinked their glasses at the bar; or bent gravely over the games; all the while filling the room with their loud voices and tobacco smoke.

When the noise was at its height, the farthest door of the saloon opened, and a young man dressed in a neat suit of business gray stepped in. He paused, rather intimidated by the superficially warlike appearance of the crowd. A silence quickly settled from group to group; and, soon, every eye was turned toward the young stranger, whose dress was totally unfamiliar to many of the men.

Gathering courage, the young man walked a little way into the room and began speaking. It seemed that he represented a society of some sort whose business it was to place destitute orphan children in decent homes. In his city-bred way he made a fine plea for the poor children; then, to the astonishment of the cowmen, he concluded his remarks by brasenly proposing that some one in Sage City adopt and care for a child, a little girl.

Incredulous grins spread over the faces of the cowpunchers; they winked, with what they thought was waggish understanding, at each other. This young scamp was trying to play a joke on them.



"Shoot Him! Get Him!" They Panted.

scribed a spot on the map which, when hunted up, turned out to be in the neighborhood of Sage City.

Well, that was different!

The sympathy of the genuinely good-hearted cowboys was aroused instantly.

"Shell out, boys!" shouted Jim Rhiney, the heavy-set blacksmith; and they shelled out. Silver coins glinted in the lamplight like raindrops. Rhiney gathered a hatful and presented it to the youth.

"Bring her out; we'll find a home for her," he declared assuringly.

The young man, who had perspired freely thruout the whole proceedings, took the money, mumbled a few words of thanks, and departed in vast relief that his hazardous mission was accomplished.

Sage City was at once thrown into a pleasantly diverting excitement. They hailed this unexpected event with relish, and formally adopted the prospective little orphan girl with flourishes of glasses, and cheery pride. "We," they boasted, had not Sage City been selected by competent authorities as the most suitable town for a homeless orphan to recuperate her health? And, they gleefully reminded each other, they would lose no time in spreading the news to La Cross and enjoy the chagrin of that menial city at the honor conferred upon the favored rival.

Young Dave it was who perceived the keener idea.

"Listen!" he shouted above the babel of voices, "I know what we can do," he cried triumphantly, "we'll make her our mascot!"

La Cross, Sage City's indefatigable enemy, had a mascot, a tiny angora goat which had been shipped in from the East. La Cross had crowed smartly at thus putting one ever on Sage City. Then La Cross had scoffed at the Sage Citydom as being too slow and foggy to ever accomplish anything modern. And, since La Cross had succeeded in setting the pace in the matter of mascots, the enraged Sage Cityers had immediately taken up the gauntlet; but, unable to find a mascot of equal originality, they had attempted an en masse attack on the La Cross mascot. Their errand ended in a leaden fray with the vigilant defenders at La Cross, and a riotous retreat; after which, they had been compelled to swallow the taunts which the La Crossers aimed at them thru roundabout channels.

"And beat La Cross' mascot!" whooped a delighted cowpuncher, catching the idea instantly. "Hurrah for Dave!" he yelled, smashing a light with as well placed shot. Instant pandemonium reigned—a crash of banging shots, and yells from powerful lungs that would have paled the most enthusiastic football demonstration to the merest whisper; while the ceiling rained dislodged splinters about the men's ears. The uproar was infectious; it spread to the groups of cowpunchers scattered over the town; the very farthest bands yelled and waved their guns as they raced to find out the good news.

And so it was decided. For a week the preparations went on in grand style, the only discouraging element being that for a time no suitable home for the little girl could be found among the rough ranchers, and the rougher men. But this obstacle finally was overcome by literally drafting old man Strong into service. The old man was a spleeny customer; but his wife, having raised seven children of her own, was deemed fit to care for the anticipated mascot, whose rank in Sage City would approach that of a princess.

Then a letter was scheduling the little girl to arrive the next day at noon. That was Friday. Early the next morning Sage City was in its gala clothes. Boisterous throngs of cowboys gathered from the neighboring ranches and loafed up and down the streets, arguing, quarreling good naturedly, and frequently including in their remarks the chagrin of La Cross, when that overbellicose town should find its boasted superiority blasted. A spirit of lovinity rang in every voice and sprang from every face. Mostly this was that a gleam of triumph shone from their eyes when they learned that several disgruntled La Crossers were spying from the edge of town.

In the middle of the forenoon Roy Whitlock, foreman of the Bar X ranch, burst out of the general store and began talking angrily.

"Well, of all the cantankerous old varmints that ever defiled the face of the earth, that old man Strong takes the prize!" he was shouting. "Says thinkin' "what does he do but up and say he won't take the mascot!"

"What's that?" cried Dave, from the edge of the crowd.

"He won't take the mascot, a man passed the news along.

the matter with

in there; go ask him."

The crowd, led by Dave, surged into the store and pushed open the old man as he sat hunched by the fire.

"What's the matter with you?" demanded Dave sharply.

"Nothin'," growled the old man, "I just haint goin' to have all this trouble —that's all."

"Well, haint we payin' you for it?" demanded Dave in astonishment.

"Nothin' doin'," reiterated the old man sourly.

Dave fared up in baffled rage: "You bloated c-catiff, if I thought you was holdin' out for a higher price I'd let daylight thru you!" But the old man was hardened to any pleas or threats.

The news spread quickly. Sage City was aghast at the thought of losing its mascot. It would give the La Crossers a never-ending subject to jeer about, and would cause unbearable humiliation. The cowboys boiled with indignation at the old man's stubbornness. Many of the cowpunchers took special pains to address the old man with sulphuric disrespect, but he bore it all in acid and unrelenting silence.

Jim Rhiney, Snake Eye Pete, and Dave Hadok held a disquieting discussion in the store. Something must be done, and decided, with much grimness, to keep the little girl in the hotel for a few days; and, if nothing could be done to old man, they would resort to drastic methods which would be more certain to change his method of mind.

At noon No. 6 slid up to the station platform. Faces, thrust out of the windows, stared with interest at the congregation of cowpunchers. The bluff conductor came down the steps carrying the much expected mascot. As the conductor set her down she bade "Howdy" in a clear, musical voice; and, when she turned, every cowman drew a breath of pleasure.

She was a very, very, dainty little girl, about 5 years old, with golden half, soft pink cheeks, and happy blue eyes. To the cowmen, who were used to seeing only barren sagebrush, dusty cattle, and rough dust-Bitten houses, she was a little flower of rare beauty. Her blue eyes sparkled with pleasure at Mrs. Strong clasped her in her arms. The old lady's motherly heart promptly warmed to raptures over the dainty, loving little thing; and she begged the old man to let her keep the child.

But the old man was cranky and obdurate.

"No," was his stubborn answer. So Mrs. Strong led the little girl up to the store and took her in to get warm. Mrs. Strong was crying, and the little girl

was looking puzzled at this strange reception. Her heart was beginning to throb with a crushing fear. In the really hungrily sympathetic cowboys circled around her, she saw only rough faces, chiseled with lines of dissipation, and stern with deadly frays; in the guns which would have leaped to spurts of flame in her defense, she saw only terrifying apparitions of steel and shiny cylinders. She shrank, trembling, against the only motherly person present; but that person was sobbing distractedly. The little girl, truly fit to be a princess, bravely determined to solve the problem for herself. She suddenly loosened Mrs. Strong's hand, and ran over to Mr. Strong.

"Aren't you my new papa?" she queried with the sweetest puzzled look on her face.

The crusty old man almost fainted in; but spoke hoarsely to hide his feelings.

"No, I hain't."

Bill Grover, who was in town for his weekly supplies, came into the store just in time to hear the little girl's question, and to see her eyes fill with tears at the harsh answer. Bill stared as tho he saw a ghost.

The little girl, her finger in her mouth, gazed tearfully around the faces. Then she saw Bill. Suddenly a glad look of determination came into her eyes, ran to his side, with a glad little sob; seized one of his huge hands with hers, and pleaded with tremulous confidence, as she looked up into his face:

"You will be my new papa, won't you?"

Every one in the store was starred forward, fearful that the man would hurt the child; then each stopped in his tracks, as tho petrified there; for Bill, after staring down into the upturned face, hoarsely answered, "Yes." Then raised his head and stared defiantly around the room.

For a moment not a sound broke the astonished silence. It was too absurd to be true. Lawson, the storekeeper, was the first to find his voice.

"Now, see here, Bill," he protested [illegible]?"

"See here what?" Bill challenged in a hard voice.

"That's a[illegible]son told him: "You hain't fitten to hev the care of a child like that."

"Why not?" demanded Bill with bitter feeling.

Larson shivered under the strangely terrible challenge in Bill's eyes. He glanced around the room and saw the ominous gleams growing in the eyes of the cowpunchers, who were [illegible] their first stupefaction; and his heart beat fast at the imminent clash between Bill and Grover. With a bone [illegible] placating both, he tried to speak; but his tongue was [illegible]

[illegible] store.

With a howl of rage, fifty cowboys forced out their guns and boiled out of the store after him. "Shoot him! He's got the marcot! Get him!" they panted. But Snake Eye Pete, who had been watching the proceedings apprehensively, leaped in front of them roaring the warning:

"Stop! You fools! Don't shoot! You'll hurt the little girl!"

"After him, then!" roared Dave. But Snake Eye Pete leaped in front of them, yelling and gesticulating until his face became the color of burnt brick; but, again, he checked them.

"Stop!" he ordered. "You can't get him now without hurting the little girl."

"But he's got our mascot!" howled Dave, trying to escape.

"I know he has!" agreed Pete, with an oath of impatience as he swung Dave back into the crowd. "But we can't take her away from him now without hurting her; and I hain't goin' to let you hurt the little girl, nor scare her to death! We'll have to go out some time, tonight, if you want to, and get him a way from her."

The crowd was milling around in rage, but they could see no other solution than the one suggested by Pete. They did not want to hurt the little girl, and her presence made them helpless for the moment.

During this time Bill Grover had untied his team, hoisted the little girl aboard, and was now driving down the street. The men yelled terrible threats at him as he passed.

"Whoever goes out, ride down past my shack, and I'll go along," ordered Pete loudly.

The men balefully agreed to this plan. "All right," promised Dave.

With this promise they hurried away. He wanted to get to his shack, where he could think. One might have noticed that his features trembled a little, and his breath was coming slightly faster than usual; altho it was not the first time the little fellow had had single-handed defied the men.

Halfway down the block he paused to listen. Dave Hadok was haranguing the men. Pete growled something to himself, and hastened on.

In his one-roomed, tumble-down shack Pete dropped upon a box before the fire. "The durn fool! The durn fool!" he repeated in a half-groan. "Now affairs are sure balled up!"

Then the little man began to swear. He swore at that blankety blank tenderfoot for his foolish action, and all the trouble he had caused; he swore at La Cross, and injected all the venom of a genuine Sage Cityite into his remarks; he swore by the Great Horn Spoon to wipe La Cross off the map; he swore at his own men, even, while he understood and sympathized with them; then, if any one had heard him, they would have been vastly astonished, for he swore furiously out of sympathy for Bill Grover. Lastly, Pete drew a much worn letter from his shirt pocket, spread it out on his knee, and pored over the dainty, feminine handwriting, almost illegible from rubbing against his shirt. He read, with no lack of interest because he had read it a thousand times before, the quaint story of sorrow, and the appeal contained in it, after which Pete vowed softly that he would do his best. "But," he muttered, "them boys is sure mad."

Uptown, the men knew nothing of what was going on in Pete's mind. All they knew was that Bill Grover had been tried by Judge Lynch, and had been found guilty. Therefore, while he had often insulted, and worse, openly cursed, many of them. The miracle that he had not been shot before now was due to two things: First, he never carried a gun, and it was against the principles of the most quarrelsome of cowpunchers to draw a gun on an unarmed man; second, Snake Eye Pete had publicly proclaimed that the first man to draw a gun on Bill Grover would be made accountable to him. Neither of these reasons would protect the offender any longer. The second charge, and the one which the men considered the most serious, was that Bill Grover had coolly and [illegible] entered the sacred limits of their city and stolen the most valuable and unique prize they had ever possessed, the one over which they would be the triumphed in the feud with La Cross. Men had been lynched for less! The third charge, that he had shamed them in the eyes of their supercilious, but most worthy enemies, the La Crosse-ites. So they were determined on hiring him, and they waited impatiently for the night.

Pete knew, as well as if he had attended it, how the trial would end. He had been a member of these occasional, self-elected tribunals, and would then be beyond control. But, even without the stimulus of drink, the men would be dangerous enough, he decided, when he [illegible] Grover would now be intensified to fury at his high-handed act. Dusk found Pete crouched before the fire, and the tenderness was reflected in his face as he stared into the glow.

Footsteps crunched outside the door. His face grew grim, and his muscles tightened at the sound; but he patted the letter in his shirt pocket comfortingly. Dave Hadok stood at the door. Pete glanced up. "Are you ready?" he asked. Dave nodded. Pete went outside, swung into his saddle, and joined the throng of horsemen; and the band rode out into the night.

As they rode along the moon came over the dark horizon and swung a disc of pink-tinted gold in a black velvet sky. A low sea of mist covered the land, and stretched away into the far distance. Pete's eyes were on the silvery outline of a distant cotton-wood as he thought with a sigh, "Well, Bill Grover, it's up to you; these boys sure mean business." He had noticed the extra rope coiled on Dave's saddle horn. "But I'll do my durndest," he promised mentally, as he gave his pony the rein and his shirt pocket like a quaint of conscience.

The band rode on in silence.

The moon was now forty degree angle when they rode into the deeper shadows of Sioux Creek. In a moment they emerged on the other side, and rode up to Bill's yard. Pete suddenly took command.

"Men," he said, "I'm goin' to do the talkin' for a few minutes. You ride close over thar." The men, accustomed to obeying him as their leader, rode up. Pete rode closer to the house and hallooed:

"Hello, Grover!"

Almost instantly Bill came out, fully dressed as if in anticipation of his visitors. He stepped into full view in the moonlight.

"Bill Grover," Pete spoke with a new harshness in his voice, "you've come and after the little girl. Now, you, bring her out; and be quick about it."

Bill Grover made not retort with his customary insolence. Instead, he passed his hand slowly over his forehead. His face was white, and showed trouble, his eyes were dark with hurt, and he was trembling a little; but, when he spoke, his voice was quite calm.

"Pete, if you will gather your men around me, I have something to say which will explain my actions," he glanced at the gravely waiting men, and added, "and satisfactorily, I hope."

Pete could have shouted with relief, but he merely nodded to the men. They rode up and formed a throng around him. Their guns and silver ornaments gleamed in the moonlight, their white chaps showed dully; but, otherwise, their bodies were dark, save that the moonlight on their eyes gleamed, ring from under their broad hats.

Bill raised his head and searched the faces of his judges. He found only unemotional curiosity. Then he began:

"Men, you have known that I am not a plainsman. You have seen that knowledge in your eyes. I have been ill tempered—and I have seen thoughts of violence in your faces. I have felt your [illegible] enmity in your hearts against me; [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

The Lure of a Much Stolen Gold Bracelet Leads Two Men Into Danger and One of Them to a Girl

A BROTHER TO ADVENTURE

By William H. Pope

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"GET your hat, Billy boy," ordered Phil, throwing the stub of his cigar out the open window and rising to his feet, "for we have work ahead of us. Tonight we steal the wonderful bracelet of gold."

I turned toward him in amazement. Various indeed were our duties as private detectives, but thefts was not included.

"Come again," I said. "Has that bum smoke gone to your head, or have you discovered a loophole in the dope law?"

"Neither," he retorted lightly, going to his desk and slipping several small bottles into his pockets. "Not only am I a brother of Adventure, but Truth also is proud to claim kinship with me."

A little tingle of anticipation danced up and down my spine. When Phil reached for his nonsense, as he called the stuff, we were slated for business. And big business! Did I want to go? Well, you know it! Six months of association with that man would make a cripple take part in a marathon if Phil was one of the runners. But I wanted to argue about his change of form. I've always had a streak of pigheadedness in me. Mother said it came from the paternal side of the house, while Paw—well, Paw didn't show much enthusiasm over her statement, but he didn't argue about it. But, as I said, it got into me somehow.

"Wait a minute," I drawled lazily. "Before I take a chance on losin' 'em say, 'State versus Billy Westmoreland et al.,' I want to know what I'm up against, and why."

Phil adjusted his soft hat and looked at his watch. Then he came and sat down.

"Thirty minutes," he said, "then we've got to spin."

I yawned and rolled a cigarette. "Dream ahead," said I.

"It's this way," he began, lighting a fresh cigar. "About fifty years ago an expert cracksman of the Rafles type connected with a gold bracelet which was on exhibition in a public museum, where, I don't know. Anyway, they got the bracelet, and he was obliged to go to the trail he was accustomed to [illegible] naturally, its [illegible] slightly shady, to say the least. Up to that time on it seemed that only one man knew much about it; that is, until this morning. According to my information the thing is an inch wide, about a quarter thick, and is ornamented with ten perfect diamonds."

"Sterling mackerel!" I got interested right away. "What's it worth?"

"Its actual value is about ten thousand dollars. It would bring a lot more as a curio, however. Seems like one of the Snows of Peoria has it as a napkin ring, or something of the sort."

"Where is it now?"

"Now there wasn't anything odd about questioning Phil like that. He's well-informed, he is. If there's anything going on he doesn't know about, it's because it doesn't happen. He has his own avenues of news and he promenades 'em, too!

"We'll learn that in a few minutes. We're to meet the guy who hired me at 9 o'clock at Jimmy's place, and get final instructions."

He cut short my next question by reaching to the table for a valise with a short, red cylinder that reminded me of a firecracker. I didn't know what the things were for, but I knew. He's sprung so many surprises on me since we've been pals that my bump of curiosity's callous.

"I don't know that we'll need all these fixin's; but the big noise said come prepared for anything, and I've said it as we stepped into the street.

Take it from me, people, I was glad to hear him call it that. I've doted on this adventure business ever since I commenced to follow the corn rows and quit the old farm-backed excitement that I left it. Still, it was that experience as a plowboy that got me used to kicking the hind leg of a cow, so I didn't lose anything. Them farm lads can scrap, too, and I'll admit that I've had fights when things got boiled down to a tussle.

Jimmy's place was one of those little rough dislikes that are to be found somewhere for every jerkwater town in the country. Mind you, I'm not referring to Springville as a jerkwater. We've got a guaranteed circulation of a hundred thousand and claim more. Phil led the way to a table in one corner, and we got a bowl of chili apiece and settled down to wait for the main rumrod.

The red-hot glow of the chili hadn't cooled off good before a man stepped in the door and looked all around. When he espied us and hurried over to our table.

"Good evening, Mr. Scoggins," he greeted, giving me a nod out of politeness. I'm glad I didn't have to answer because I'd have laughed right out. You've seen these stage villains, the kind in the, "Oh, Harold, save me from him!" acts, haven't you? Well, that was George Hearn. He was about as wide between the eyes as a katydid, and had such a shaped head that any sort of a hat from a skull cap to a coal scuttle would have been becoming to him, which is a long way of saying he didn't look good in any. And he was to be our employer! I snickered out loud and called Jimmy over and ordered a comfortable supper. When it arrived I began to eat and listen.

"Now, Mr. Scoggins," said the new Legree, "you understand the nature of this affair, I hope? You see, the bracelet belongs to me really, as I am the man who found it at the roots of the apple tree I've [illegible] spoken of. I was gifted to the spot by a letter which happened to fall into my hands quite accidentally, but a mob of fighting Democrats was and I was compelled to relinquish it. I recovered it later and placed it where I thought it would be safe, but the thief was very persistent and it again disappeared. I learned of its whereabouts, however, and engaged Tony Giovanni to secure it and return it to me, its rightful owner. He succeeded day before yesterday and refuses to give it up, so I want your help. Are you agreed?"

"Why didn't you appeal to the police?" asked Phil. Anybody could see he was disgusted. "Thievery is entirely out of our line, Mr. Hearn."

"But this is not thievery. It is legal restitution! The police always blunder, and every burglar in town would attempt to steal my treasure. I am afraid of burglars, Mr. Scoggins! I am timid by nature, or I should thrash that Tony for his treachery."

I stretched my arm carelessly over the table and he saw it.

"This young man should be able to do the work," he praised. "What an astonishing quantity of food he has consumed!"

"Mr. Hoover preaches the policy of the clean plate, an' I practice it," I grinned. "I don't like grub an' I eat it to get it out of sight."

He pinched my arm playfully and turned to Phil.

"Then it's settled? It means five hundred dollars in your pocket."

"Oh, I suppose so," said Phil. "If Billy agrees. But I tell you frankly I don't like it."

"It will be a dangerous venture," Hearn admitted. "This Tony is a desperate character. You are well armed, I take it?"

"It was not the danger I was speaking of," said my pal shortly. "Of course we are armed, but I never would use firearms except as a last resort. I have never yet had occasion to fall back on them."

"Indeed!" Hearn was amazed. "And yet your adventurous spirit is known everywhere. How do you manage it, Mr. Scoggins?"

"I have my own methods," grinned Phil. "And their usefulness depends upon their remaining unknown."

"Certainly, certainly, Mr. Scoggins. Ignorance begets fear, which knowledge dissipates it. But I waste your time. No doubt you wish to discuss this affair with your companion, so I will leave you for the present. You know how to communicate with me."

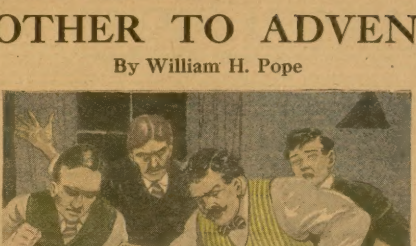
And he left as in much the same way as the "Harold" had breezed in with the big stick.

"If I loved liars I'd hug him to death," I remarked.

"Oh, he's windy, all right," Phil admitted. "But we'll have the jewelry for security. In the first place, the bracelet belongs to the city from which it was taken, but they've probably forgotten it by now. Still, I'd hate to give it up to a crook like him."

But in the end we drilled on towards the toughest part of town to where Hearn had said this Tony person hung up his hat for the day.

I couldn't help but laugh when I thought of what we were up against. First there was the thief who stole it originally, then Hearn stole it from his heirs; then somebody relieved Hearn of it, was in turn robbed by Tony, and now we were to steal it and turn it over to the second crook. Funny, wasn't it? But I didn't laugh about it later that night. No sir!



In a Second the Lid Was Jerked Off.

Finally we found the house we were searching for. Even a real estate salesman would have stuttered over a description of it. It was a two-story affair, with a saloon occupying the ground floor and a staircase opening on the street to give access to the apartments above. It was located in that part of town (every city has one like it) where a stranger is always getting his head cracked. Any stranger because an old resident stays away from there. There was a sputtering arc-light on the corner, but the house was in the middle of the block and we couldn't tell much about the lay of the land, but we could tell about the trouble that was batched there a little while later.

I'm so used to wearing rubber-soled shoes that I clear forgot to mention our having them on, but we didn't make a sound as we crept up that staircase. Then we struck a snag. There was a narrow landing at the top of the stairs with only one door opening out from it, and judging from the sound of the voices there were at least a half dozen men in the room all trying to talk at once.

Well, we had to get in all the rooms to search for that bracelet, that was all there was to it, and here we were stumped at the first turn. I waited patiently to see what Phil would do. He thinks he's got more brains than I have, and while I know better it always humor him in matters like that and let him do the planning. Then if he fails I have the satisfaction of telling him how I'd have done it. Whatever was done had to be pulled off peaceably and inconspicuously, or those fellows would get suspicious and quest our game. Pretty soon Phil nudged me.

"Squeeze up in the corner there beside the door where it'll be dark when they open up, and don't even breathe!" he whispered.

It's somewhat of a job to make yourself inconspicuous in a corner about two feet square, especially if you happen to be better than six feet an inch high, but I managed it. I did the best I could and then from the foot of the staircase came an explosion that [illegible] me quiff for [illegible]

[illegible] Phil [illegible] Wood-Handled Hammer [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

my knees out, and the south end of my spine grated uncomfortably against the odds and ends in the bottom of the trunk.

Six men were gathered around the table, and a more unhealthy looking outfit I never saw. From the little I could see five of them seemed to be just ordinary ruffians, but the sixth sat facing me and he was some man! Tall, heavy-set, real dark complected, had hands like country hams and seemed to be the main squeeze, so I rightly judged him to be Tony. Then they began to talk.

"Are we gonna stay in this dump 'til it blows over?" asked one of Tony.

"Sure," he answered. "Th' bulls like th' insurance comp'nies too well to snoop around here. Course they'll raise a stew about th' gurl, but whut would ut amount to? She ain't got no people an' that makes ut easy! Th' jooel's safe an' later on we sell ut an' divide, eh?"

"To 'ell with th' jooel—it's th' girl I'm atter. 'Whut about her, Tony?"

Girl! And a prisoner in this joint! I forgot my backbone in a hurry. To me a girl is something just a little better than us men folks; and out there on the old hill farm, where they were about as plentiful as peaches on a two-year-old tree, we prized them pretty high. Of course, I hadn't fell in love with any of them; but my mother was a mighty good woman, if she did boss Paw around. He wouldn't have been much pun'kins if she hadn't. And a good girl in this end of town meant but one thing. Well, I saw red, and blood-red, right then. I couldn't hardly keep in that trunk, I wanted to fight so bad. But I knew it was best to learn a little more before starting anything. They couldn't harm her while they were all in here.

"She's mine," said that infernal dago. "But I sell her. How much you want her?"

"Fifty dollars!"

"Fifty dollar? Bah! Kate, she give me hundurd. You give that much?"

"Mebbe. Where is she now, an' how'd I know I'd git her?"

"You git her. She safe now. My old woman tek care her."

They must have heard me grunt. I was mad clear thru and didn't care. But in a second the lid was jerked off that trunk, and when it opened I hopped out a-fighting.

The guy with the sharp ears caught a plowboy wallop right where he lived, and then the whole bunch was on top of me. A good scrap is where I shine and I sure had to do the illuminating act to keep on my feet. Them big fists of mine smeared those fellows' features all over their maps, the bleeding noses remind- [illegible] whole six were too many, even for me. As it was I kept going pretty well and might have done better in the end, but all of a sudden that Tony person swung one all of his might on the point of my chin and I went to sleep.

If you want to know how that blow felt just step downtown to where they are building the framework of a new sky-scraper and get somebody to drop a steel girder from the third story and you catch it on the chin. Then your idle curiosity will be satisfied, also the undertaker's. Anyhow, that's what it made me think of afterward.

When I woke up I was hog-tied and lying on the floor in one corner. My head ached terribly and altogether I felt like I used to when Paw'd give me a dose of McClain's pills—all in an uproar.

That big wop and his brother murderers were still talking. I wasn't even an insect so far as they were concerned, and not a glance was thrown my way. I turned toward the wall and tried to think, so as not to listen to their talk about that girl.

What had Phil been doing while the fight was in progress? He could hardly have helped hearing the racket. We made as much noise as a Missouri mule would in a tin stable with some one tickling its hind legs. Bad as I felt, I smiled when I thought that. It sure felt like one of those famous animals had connected with me.

I knew that the bracelet was in the house now, but the girl was what bothered me. I'd get her out of there if I had to eat dagoes for lunch every day for a month. I'm not a sentimental boob at all, but tears actually wet my eyes in pity for that helpless little kid. What a prospect for her! My God, it was horrible! I blessed that villainous looking Hearn for sending us down there. I didn't begrudge that swipe I stopped with my chin. I'd have rented out my face for an African Dodger with the dodging omitted to save that child. Oh, well, I'd never seen her, but men like those wouldn't pick out a relic from some old women's home. And then what I'd been hoping for and expecting happened. I heard a faint gnawing sound on the other side of the wall I was lying against like a rat was working, only it wasn't a rat. It was Phil!

He was cutting thru the wall with his pocket knife. The walls were very thin, it's true, but I wanted him to show off a little rough stuff—flash a gun on the crowd and make them ooze out in a hurry. My joints were getting as stiff as a pig on ice, but, of course, he wanted to pull some spectacular stunt while I lay there helpless. But he was in the right, as later events proved.

After a while he had a hole big enough to talk thru.

"Tied pretty tight?" he asked softly, having cut thru close to my face.

"Oh, no, certainly not!" I answered sarcastically.

The prune actually had the nerve to laugh like he was almost overcome with mirth. Right then and there I laid it up for him where he'd be sure to find it. While I took it out in a few rich cuss words he started another hole about where my hands rested. When that was thru he cut the belt that held me, but I kept my arms still to avoid discovery. Then he came to the first hole.

"Raise one hand easily and take that package out of your pocket and put it on in a hurry, but be careful."

"What's the idea?" I whispered, when I had the contraption on my face like a mask.

"It's a respirator, a gas mask. Above all things now, keep still. I'll work this thing without your help."

A minute later smoke began to curl thru the last hole he had cut and quicker than it takes to tell it smoke swirled thru every seam and crack in that wall. The fool had set the house on fire!

Tony and his crew got to their feet like a pin had been rammed thru the bottom of each chair. One man broke in the door leading into the inner room, but he shot out again right away. A deep red glare shone thru the doorway and a cloud of the blackest, thickest smoke I'd ever seen rolled out into their faces.

"Help! Fire! Fire!" yelled one man, and then tumbled down the staircase, half suffocated, with the bunch fighting, clawing and cussing, trying to beat him out. Me? Why, they didn't know me at all. But I did. With one swipe I tore off the binding around my ankles and jumped into the smoke and glare. I was after the girl, and I sure blessed Phil's forethought in providing that respirator.

Stumbling along like a souse on the way home in the dark, I swam over furniture and boxes until my shins were raw and my cuss word vocabulary worn out; but still I went on smashing doors, windows and everything else I brought up against, barely stopping in time to save myself from going over a back staircase. [illegible] was thick and black [illegible] almost cried with joy. It was Phil, scrapping like the French at Verdun with a female.

"Where's the girl?" I shouted.

"Next room," he gasped. "Hurry!"

But I was gone. I knew he could manage the old woman, Tony's wife, no doubt. Then I found her, huddled down in one corner insensible from the smoke. I snatched her up and beat it for the back exit. I got half way down the steps and lost my footing and slid to the ground, but my long-suffering backbone saved the girl from harm.

Out into the street I staggered, stopping just a minute to rest. People were scurrying thru the street like rats from a sinking ship, and nobody gave us the once over. A block away I heard the clang, clang, clang, of the fire engines rattling like mad over the cobblestones. I've always liked to watch those things operate, but tonight I had no desire to dilly-dally. The girl began to moan then, and I knew the fresh air had revived her; but I didn't halt except just long enough to put her on her feet after a bit, until we were safe in our own parlor. I settled her comfortably and started back after Phil, just as that gentleman drilled in the front door, with the customary cigar in his mouth.

"Good evening, Billy," he smiled, as if he had just come in from a pleasant stroll. "So you arrived safely with your Dulcinea, eh?"

"Where did you learn her name?" I cut in quick. Funny that his knowing her name caused a little twist somewhere inside me, wasn't it? But he only grinned and passed on to where the girl was.

She was herself now, a little pale and shaken, but, good Lord, she sure had a right to be. I won't try to describe her; I'm no good at telling how a person looks, anyhow. Just think of a small head covered with a mass of hair the color of forest leaves in the fall after a frost—a sort of golden brown all nice and shiny; and a pair of eyes the color of the little patches of sky one sees above those same leaves. Now don't think by my putting it that way that she had a mustache, but—— Oh, just imagine a girl as pretty as your own sweetheart, or your wife before you married her, and you'll get the drift of my meaning.

"Hello!" said Phil with a grin like he was an old friend. He said later he was trying to cheer her up, but he needn't have been so blunt. "How are you feeling now?"

"Much better, thank you." Then the tears came into her eyes. "Oh, I don't know how to thank you two. You don't—you cannot realize what you have done for me. I only hope that in some way, some time, I can do something for you to prove my gratitude. Tomorrow—they would have taken me away." She buried her face in her hands and her whole body trembled. The poor little kid! I almost blubbered myself. If I could have got my hands on that Tony I'd have killed him joyously. I may do it yet.

"That's all past, my dear girl," said Phil gently, "and I wouldn't think about it, if I were you. They'll never bother you again. They're thoroly scared, and you're perfectly safe now."

"I know. I know. But I failed. That's even worse than the suspense of being a prisoner. Now I'll have to begin all over again. But of course you don't understand. I am Mina Aubrey. But the name would mean nothing now, I am sure."

"Unless it were a synonym for bravery,"

The Slaughter of the Innocents

My little boy beside a desk at
school
Reads tales of Goldilocks
and Ridinghood;
He counts the busy hours
and finds them good;
And nothing fears more than
a broken rule.
East London and just anoth-
er school,
With sunny curly heads
bent over books,
And loving glances follow-
ing teacher's looks,
And thoughts of mother in
the evening's cool.
The roof split open with a
crash and rend,
And little children screamed
with dreadful noise,
And from their mangled
bodies blood gushed
hot.
And on the floor a little sev-
[illegible]
my Billyboy's!
Herod! God may forgive
you, I could not.

—Eleanor Preston *in Chicago Daily News.*

said Phil. "This young gentleman here is my friend, Billy Westmorland; and my name is Philander Scoggins, but I hope you won't let it prejudice you."

She smiled a little.

"I will explain how I chanced to be in that house. I am in search of a golden bracelet, Mr. Scoggins, one that is very valuable and that means the world and all to me. It was stolen by my grandfather—I am frank, you see—from a public museum and——"

"Why——" I started, but Phil stopped me.

——"I have determined to return it some day, for I wish to make what atonement I can. The theft was committed many years ago and I only learned of the circumstances surrounding it a few months back from a letter I found in a box belonging to my dead father, but the letter was stolen and I reached the spot where the thing was buried just in time to force a man to return it to me. He secured it again and I followed him to Springville here and regained it by breaking into his room at a boarding-house. Then that awful Italian kidnaped me and the bracelet, too. It is more the size of a collar than a bracelet, tho. Tell me, did the house burn completely? Perhaps in the hurry and rush to escape it was left behind."

"Thank you, Miss Aubrey. Your explanation clears up many dark points. I also was in search of the article."

"You were? And did you succeed? Mr. Scoggins, you don't know how much that means to me. I must recover it."

"As for the house," and Phil laughed long and loud while the girl and myself stared at him in astonishment, "why, it didn't burn at all!"

"He's getting batty," I apologized to the girl. "I've noticed it for some time. Don't pay any attention to him."

"Remember that little red cylinder, Billy?" asked the lunatic. "Well, that's a smoke-pot I had made. It gives out a red glare and just oodles of smoke and burns nothing but itself. It served a good purpose, however, and I'll get more of them. Lord, didn't those fools fade away!" And he laughed some more.

Now ain't that just like Phil? I might have known it would turn out that way. But I felt sort of sulky when I thought of how heroic I thought I was being in taking that girl out of a mass of flames. Then Phil spoke again.

"Was this the article in question, Miss Aubrey?" And, by gum, he threw the thing out on the table!

"Yes! Oh, yes! Oh, thank God!" and when she had stared at it a moment she clasped her hands over it and began to cry.

"Well, I'll be durned!" Yes, that was me, and I never cuss in the presence of ladies. "Where did you find it?"

"You'd never guess, Billy boy," he laughed. "Tony's wife was using it as a garter! If she hadn't pushed her knee into my stomach while we were fighting I'd never have found it. As it was——" He looked at the welts and scratches on his arms and grinned. "We lose the five hundred, Billy."

"To h—l with the five hundred," I growled, but the girl didn't hear it. She had dropped off to sleep, worn out with worry and fright.

"Listen, buddy," whispered Phil. "She's going to send it back to its rightful owners. We'll get her to let us attend to it for her. There may be a reward and there may not, but we have a couple of thousand in bank——"

"I get you," I broke in. "What do you think I am, a miser? Of course we will."

And we did, and she didn't know the difference! Furthermore, I took her out to God's own hills where good girls are loved and appreciated, to my own old folks for a long rest spell; while I came back to town to wait a while before asking her—— Oh, well, it's none of your business anyhow.

Busy Citizens.

"SPANGLE certainly is a good citizen," said Ophir. "He's always interesting himself in something for the public good. Just now he's managing the campaign for a general spring cleanup of the town, and that movement surely is wise."

"I suppose Spangle is a good citizen," reluctantly admitted Mossbeck, "but I've seen citizens who made a greater hit with me. I make it the rule of my life never to bother other people unless they infringe upon my rights, and then they'll have to do a lot of infringing before I'll go to the trouble of calling them down.

"Spangle makes it the rule of his life to bother everybody else. He's always pointing out our duty to us. He's always shaming us for leaving useful things un- [illegible] that sort of thing, but if you [illegible] he's popular you have another guess coming.

"Yesterday the city physician called at the residence of Gooseworthy, who lives next door to me, and found that two of his children were down with contagious diseases. Little Ebenezer had the measles and Gwendolen had the chicken pox, or something. So the doc quarantined the place and nailed two large sized signs on the house, one for each disease.

"After he went away I saw Gooseworthy capering around on his front porch, as tho he had inherited a lot of money from somebody, and I called over and asked what made him feel so good.

"'The house is quarantined,' he yelled back, 'and I guess that will keep Spangle away for a few days. He's been chasing himself here three times a day for a week telling me to paint my barn and cart away the rubbish and a lot more foolish and superfluous things, and I guess he won't bother me any more for a while.'

"That's how popular Spangle is. I have found it the best policy to let every gent keep his own snakes. I don't butt into any man's business, and I have few worries and cares.

"My wife says I carry my policy to absurd extremes. Some time ago a stranger moved into the house across the street and one morning when I looked over that way I saw the house was on fire. My first impulse was to rush over and inform the man, but I promptly curbed it. I didn't know the man or his wife, and it's bad form to accost strangers without an introduction. Moreover, it might be that they wanted the house to burn down, and in that case they would be annoyed if an intrusive stranger approached them.

"Well, the house was destroyed and the occupants were greatly afflicted, and I thought afterward that perhaps I had been too conservative, and my wife insists that my conduct was little short of criminal; but if you are going to have a rule of life you can't be making exceptions all the time. Unless you observe it thoroly it will do no good.

"Mine may have its weak points, but it will stand comparison with Spangle's any day."

Amusing the Baby.

"HAVE you amused your baby brother, Willie, and kept him quiet while I was gone?"

"Yes, ma, and he hasn't opened his mouth since you went away."

"What did you do to amuse him, Willie?"

"I gave him the mucilage bottle to suck."

The Plot Thickens in This Installment and Gives Rise to the Question

BY WHOSE HAND?

By Julian F. Darrow

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WHEN I looked again at the Judge's face, I saw that he was scanning the features of the dead man earnestly; but so far as I could discover there was no light as of recognition marked there.

"He has the appearance of a man of some refinement, tho his face bears the marks of dissipation, I think," he went on to say.

"You have never seen him before, that you know of, Judge?" I asked, wishing to make sure of that point.

"Never, to my knowledge; tho as you know, I meet hundreds of people, and I never possessed the splendid memory for faces that is your heritage, Felix. But can it be possible that you know him?" he demanded, as tho a sudden suspicion had gripped him.

"I believe that I saw his face only once, two years ago, Judge," I replied, "but under circumstances that seem to have stamped it indelibly on my mind. And then, strange as it may appear to you, there is a photograph hanging on the wall of my sleeping chamber, here in this house, that unless I am very much mistaken is his counterfeit presentiment."

Just as I anticipated, the Judge gave an exclamation of surprise when I said this.

"In this house, do you say, Felix?" he cried. "Why, I have brought nothing with me to furnish this new possession, and if there is a photograph where you say, it must have been left behind by the former tenants."

"I surmised as much, Judge," I went on to tell him, "and had already concluded that it must be of one of the Pangborn sons."

"Oh! that would make the mystery all the darker, to furnish this new friend, as he again stared at the mute face of the victim of that midnight shot. "For why should a fleeing murderer want to come to the home of his boyhood days, and enter like a thief in the night, when he might have found a welcome, had he visited me in the light of day?"

I simply pointed to the bundle that some one had undoubtedly made up to carry away, and which contained many of the most valuable among the small curios of the ardent collector, such as jewels, and gold ornaments found in ancient tombs.

"I see your answer to that question would [illegible] they have been a wife in great need of [illegible] as I recall reads in some [illegible] know a wealthy collector of curios had purchased the Pangborn mansion at Linden Wells, and moved his almost priceless collections there, intending to make it one of the finest private museums around the metropolis. And if scruples did not interfere, what would be more natural than for this young rascal to conspire with a regular burglar to pay you a secret visit, and carry off the best part of your collection? Do you not agree with me now, Judge?"

"I confess that you have awakened my curiosity to an astonishing extent, Felix," he went on to admit, "and that what you say sounds very plausible. But what could have happened to bring about this terrible tragedy, and what should we do now, to notify the proper authorities? I ought to know, perhaps better than any one else, but this sudden emergency seems to have muddled my brain more or less. I am glad I have such a clear-headed friend to fall back on in such a matter.

"The manner in which he came to his death is as yet wrapped in darkest mystery, for I fail to see any sign of a fire-arm about here." I remarked, once more taking the torch, and flashing its glow about the floor; while the Judge proceeded to hold the lamp that stood on the table near by.

Just then I heard some one approaching, and looking around, saw Richard Selkirk standing there in the doorway, staring at us both. From where he chanced to be standing he could not well see the grewsome form of the dead burglar on the floor, and seemed only to be wondering why his employer and the guest of the house should be downstairs at such an hour, with only dressing-gown and bath-robe for covering over their pajamas.

I noticed that the secretary was partly dressed, as tho he had taken the time to pull on his customary garments while the Judge and myself were talking below over our strange discovery.

"Then I did not dream that something went off with a crash?" Richard said, as he saw both of us looking at him. "I seemed to be aroused by some strange shock, and sat up in bed, trembling all over. But I have at times had dreams that were so vivid that they left me shaking as tho I had the ague, and believing that this must have been one of the same kind I lay back again. But somehow I could not convince myself that it had not been real; and fancying that I heard some one moving about, I finally got up and dressed. Is there any one sick, Judge? I even wondered whether it could have been a crash of thunder I heard; but on looking from my window, I found not a cloud in the sky, and the moon shining gloriously."

What Has Gone Before

FELIX JASPER, a retired lawyer, with a penchant for criminal investigation, finds himself the ward of his old bachelor crony, Judge Stormways. The Judge's mansion has recently been purchased from the Pangborns—a family whose wealth was shattered in a Wall street crash and whose sons long since had gone to the dogs. Jasper finds also that the Judge has adopted as his daughter and heir a girl named Janice, and this girl Jasper recalls having seen before—in a drunken company of Oscar Pangborn, born in a vicious quarter of New York City. Jasper is interested also in the Judge's secretary, Richard Selkirk, first, because the youth is obviously in love with Janice and, second, because he seems to be harboring a secret [illegible]. During the night [illegible] a shot and a cry are heard and Jasper comes from his room to find the Judge on the stairs, gun in hand, apparently about to investigate the disturbance. Together they descend to the living-room where the Judge's collection of priceless curios is being catalogued by Janice and the Judge's secretary. Here they find the dead body of the supposed Oscar Pangborn, shot thru the heart. There is a bundle of stolen curios on the floor beside him.

[illegible] ... New York [illegible] Complete [illegible] containing the previous installments may be secured from our agents, newsdealers or by mail from the office of publication

He seemed to be speaking as much to me as to the Judge, and as he paused I managed to point to the silent form on the floor. At sight of the dead man Richard gave a startled exclamation, and if ever there was sincere horror in a voice, I found it in his tones.

"What—who is it?" he asked, in hushed accents, and at the same time he advanced farther into the room.

I waited until he was close beside me before I answered him.

"We found him lying on his face, and evidently he had been shot in the heart, for life was already extinct when we entered here. That package of loot tells us that he must have been trying to

some of the most valuable curios in the collection when it happened."

"But how could it have come about?" was the next natural question that fell from the lips of the young secretary. "Judge Stormways did not have any one here to serve as a guard over his treasures. Could the poor devil have met with an accident and shot himself?"

"That was the very first thing I suspected first of all, Richard," I spoke up to the owner of the mansion, "as Felix, who is experienced in this sort of thing, quickly showed me that there was no sign of any firearm on the floor, or about. Some one else must have shot him."

Seeing that the secretary was bending slightly over the motionless figure, I purposely shifted the glow of the torch so that it fell full on the face of the dead midnight visitor, for his head had fallen to one side, and the features were not exposed by the light of the lamp on the table.

"Please tell me if you think you have ever seen his face before?" I asked.

I was watching Richard closely as I spoke, and I saw that he seemed puzzled in some fashion.

"I don't know," he replied, slowly. "It seems to me in a dim sort of way that I have seen a face [illegible] his lately, but somehow I don't place it."

"Have you been in the room I am occupying, Richard, the end one, [illegible] bay window, and the open fireplace?" asked.

"Why, yes, sir, they put me there the first night I came, but found [illegible] more cosy room for me the [illegible] Oh! now I know why [illegible]

She Started as The Suddenly Given a Shock.

[illegible]stion. The photograph on the [illegible]s, as sure as anything there is some [illegible]ation to [illegible]s. But what is the answer, sir? Why should it worry about so? Do you [illegible] man can be one of [illegible] whom I have heard [illegible] down around the [illegible] store?"

"Then they were [illegible] were they?" I observed [illegible] slanting toward the [illegible] has only guessed as much before [illegible] spoke. As for the temptation that would [illegible] him to creep into this [illegible] cover of night, have we not the evidence right here before our eyes in the [illegible] age of rich trophies which he had [illegible] up, ready to carry away with [illegible] something not down on the [illegible] opened?"

Richard nodded his head all the [illegible] I was speaking after this strain, as tho he found himself forced to agree with me in the theory I had [illegible]

"But if it was not [illegible] did it come about?" he [illegible]

"We have been talk[illegible] Judge informed him, [illegible] reached the conclusion that [illegible] have been a pair of the [illegible] and also that there was [illegible] quarrel over the division [illegible] during which one shot [illegible] must have been unpremeditated, [illegible] you see the [illegible] stricken as soon as [illegible] without any [illegible]

"There is [illegible] on to say, [illegible] the fact that we found [illegible] when it was carefully closed before we retired, will figure it out that the thieves must have [illegible] in through a window [illegible] somewhere. No doubt, the murderer fled in the same way, for everything [illegible] left as the grave when we entered the room.

"This is a terrible [illegible] Judge," Richard said, his face still [illegible] and his eyes somehow drawn toward the face of the silent figure lying in the midst of a little pool of blood that stained the rug covering the floor. "And to think that we were talking of the possibility of these breaking in for the only such short time ago. You can't get that burglar insurance any too soon, to protect your [illegible] collection from being looted."

"So it seems," replied the owner [illegible]

[illegible] to the [illegible] Pangborn, and his wife [illegible] and if they did not have a [illegible] trouble in losing their [illegible] home so suddenly, when the panic struck them over night."

"What should be done, sir?" asked Richard.

"I think my only course is to telephone to the police in town, and have them take charge here," the Judge replied, looking toward me, to see whether I might be of the same [illegible]

"That must be done, sooner or [illegible] Judge," I assured him, "and after we have talked matters over a little further, perhaps you had better get in touch with the authorities."

While the [illegible] of the [illegible] I managed to [illegible] with an object [illegible] bring me [illegible] my eye, and it [illegible] possession of [illegible] what possibly it might give us a clew looking to the identity of the unknown person at whose [illegible] born had come to [illegible] ment I had [illegible] to obtain possession [illegible] had escaped [illegible] ger had I done so than I [illegible] at I had ever so slightly caused the same [illegible] to be a delicate little [illegible] the property of a [illegible]dy, and it diffused a faint but very sweet perfume. I knew positively that I had seen this same cobweb in the hand of Janice the evening before, and to find it now, lying on the floor of the room in which lay the body of the man who only yesterday had been in her company, was terribly significant, to say the least.

I managed to slip that little kerchief in my pocket without any one seeing me, I believed. At the same time I was chilled at the thought of all its presence in that room of death might imply, considering what I knew and suspected concerning the former relations of Janice and this young Pangborn. At the time I had chanced to be a witness to the little scene that night in New York City, he must have been paying the girl attentions of some sort, and I now firmly believed that she had cast him off in scorn, when she discovered his true nature.

Still, there may have been some dreadful secret between them, tho I found it difficult to believe that here could ever have been the hand to hold the fatal weapon with which the unfortunate young man was slain.

She may have come downstairs for something she had forgotten, or upon hearing a suspicious noise; the I never

would have believed from her delicate looks that Janice was built on the order of a heroine, capable of doing so bold a thing as that. Discovering a man in the living-room packing up the valuables, she may have fired in her excitement; and yet that theory would hardly hold water, because surely she would have shrieked afterward, as even the bravest of women do when they have proven their right to the name of heroine; and we had not heard any such sound, nor yet met her fleeing to her room.

It baffled me completely, and I felt that here was a conundrum worthy of my very best efforts.

On the other hand, had she wanted to get back to her room unseen, Janice could have made her way to the back stairs, up which it would be possible for any one to creep as silently as they chose.

I clung to the hope that she may have dropped the little handkerchief some time while we were all in the room [illegible], and had not missed it up to the time of retiring.

[illegible] still [illegible] my brain with [th]is conundrum when I noticed that Richard was watching me queerly. Could he have actually seen me pick that filmy web up from the floor; and were grave suspicions already beginning to flit thru his mind? If, as I strongly believed, he was already more than half in love with the adopted daughter of his employer, what a wrench such a thought must give him, even if he immediately indignantly cast it aside as unworthy of notice!

And then I became aware that some one else was coming down the grand staircase that led from the second story to the parlor floor. I caught the rustle of feminine garments, and could give a pretty good guess that it must be the very person whom I had just been weighing in the balance.

Yes, it was Janice, true enough. I could manage to see thru the partly open door of the room, and caught a flitting glimpse of the blue-clad figure slipping down the stairs.

What would happen when she entered the room where that awful figure lay? Should I hasten to close the door, so as to bar her from looking upon such a grewsome sight? I had even taken a first step in that direction when another thought came that caused a change in [my pro]gram.

[illegible] better that Janice [illegible] upon the face of the [de]ad burglar, dreadful as such a vision [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] nized that face, whether she would [illegible]

[illegible]

the latter.

Now she was approaching the partly open door, and I purposely moved so as to screen the figure that lay there on the floor. As far as I knew, neither the Judge nor Richard suspected that she was so near them, for they were trying to decide what it would be best to tell [illegible], since it seemed the only thing to do.

I saw Janice stand there in the doorway, looking at each one in turn. If the expression of bewilderment on that fair face could be assumed, then the girl must have the making of a clever actress [illegible] perfect [illegible].

She caught my eye fastened on her, immediately I beckoned to her to enter.

Until she actually appeared in the room neither of my companions knew of her presence. Both men looked embarrassed, tho it could hardly have been from any other cause than that this seemed to be no place for a delicate young girl, with that horrible spectacle so close by.

"What has happened, Mr. Jasper?" she went on to say, appealing to me, perhaps because I had beckoned her to join us, and for no other reason. "Oh! what are you all doing down here at this hour of the night. I was awakened by some sort of a terrible sound, I could not understand what it might be; and then I felt that I must speak to some one or I would go wild. So after waiting until [illegible] I came [illegible] my heart almost in my throat, for I heard her speaking somewhere, and then saw the light in the lower hall from the open door. Tell me, what is the matter, and why do you all look at me so queerly? Has anything terrible happened, father?" She finally turned toward the Judge, who was acting in a very nervous manner, as tho he was exceedingly sorry she had ventured to leave her room at all.

I myself did not harbor the same feelings because I realized that this was go[ing to be a] golden opportunity for me [to learn] certain important facts that otherwise might be extremely difficult to secure.

"Yes, something terrible has transpired [illegible]

[illegible] selves, my child. Such sights could do you no good to witness; indeed, I fear I shall be haunted by it myself for many a day."

"But why are you all looking so serious?" she persisted, and I saw that because of her feminine curiosity, or thru some other reason, Janice did not mean to allow herself to be chased out of the room. "Tell me, has there been any attempt made to rob you, father, just as Mr. Jasper said might happen? Is that what it's all about?"

I purposely moved aside just then; only a foot or so, but far enough to allow her to discover that silent figure lying at full length on the floor, just as I had turned him over on his back.

The girl's pretty face was already almost as white as it could be; but into her large blue eyes there immediately crept a look of horror; she seemed unable to tear her gaze away from the form of the dead man; and her hands clasped and unclasped in pitiful fashion as she stared.

"Oh! what is that?" she asked, in a trembling little voice, hardly more than a faint whisper, as tho the very blood in her veins had been congealed.

"It's too bad that you saw it at all, my dear," said the Judge, coming over to put his big arm around her slight form. "The fact is that there has been an attempt made to rob me of the best part of my priceless collection, and the thieves must have quarreled while in the act, for one of them has shot the other down, and then fled without carrying off a single thing so far as I can see. That's all, dear; and now, please leave us, and go back to your room. If you are afraid to stay alone, have one of the maids come down and remain with you. This is not a sight for your sweet eyes."

That was my chance, for cruel as it might appear, I was grimly determined to see whether Janice would recognize the face of the dead man. If, as I strongly suspected, she had known him under other conditions, surely she must either admit the fact now, or else, in trying to conceal it, add more weight to the suspicion that she may have had some connection with his tragic taking off.

And so, when I fancied that she might be about to obey the request of the Judge, I hastened to step in and change the current of things.

"I beg your pardon, Judge, for interfering with any of your suggestions, but it seems to me that since Miss Janice has already seen as much as she has, it would do no harm for her to take just one look [illegible]

[illegible] protest, but apparently thinking that he had no business to interfere, stopped short. The Judge shook his head and frowned; but [illegible] realized that I had some [illegible] back of the request, [illegible] was a mystery to him, for the present, went on to say:

"Just as you think best Felix. I rely a great deal upon your judgment, remember; but it seems a shame that my poor little girl should look upon such a terrible sight."

I knew what I was doing, and my first act was to pick up a cover from the nearby couch and throw it over the figure on the floor so that it concealed everything that was ghastly save his face alone, which I left plainly visible.

"I would not think of asking you to do this, Miss Janice," I went on to say, as I turned once more toward the white-faced girl, "only that we seem to be up against a mystery here and every little help may count in explaining things. It is barely possible that you have seen this man before. Perhaps he has been coming to the door on some pretense or other, to spy out the land. That is the way some of these robberies are accomplished, tho we have a pretty strong notion it would not be necessary in this case. Please steel yourself to take just one look; then tell me if you have seen his face before, and where."

Janice stepped forward, first trying to send a reassuring smile toward her nervous adopted father, as tho to tell him that she was brave and could readily stand the ordeal, if it was for his benefit.

I saw her turn her gaze downward toward that face, upon which I had made sure to have the ray of the strong little electric torch fastened, in anticipation of the moment when she should fasten her eyes there.

She started, as tho suddenly given a shock. Well, it seemed to me that no actress short of a second Bernhardt could have carried it out as she did; and from this I was strongly inclined right then and there to believe her innocent, before another word could be said.

The Judge was staring at her, as was also Richard, both of them doubtless astonished to see her betray positive signs of having recognized the face of the dead burglar, who we had already decided must be one of the Pangborn boys grown up to manhood. I waited for her to speak, but she really seemed to have lost her voice. Standing there she continued just to look and look, the ex-[illegible]

[illegible] a painful scene in her past [illegible] appalled her beyond expression?

It was the Judge who broke the tense silence that had fallen upon us all just then; and I for one was glad to have it so; since it gave me an opportunity to watch the lights and shadows of thought play back and forth over the face of Janice, as she answered his hurried questions.

"Good Heavens! Janice, is it possible that you have ever known this man before?" was what he burst out with.

She seemed to gather her wits with a great effort; for I could see that she was shivering as tho an Arctic draught had suddenly swept thru the long room; and then, steadying her voice as best she could, she said weakly:

"Yes, I am sure it must be Oscar Morris, tho he has changed since I last met him, and for the worse."

As I remembered the startling scene of that night, when in her desperation this fair girl, dressed in the garb of a worker then, had actually struck wildly at the companion who in his maudlin frenzy would have held her against her will, I felt that if young Pangborn could look any worse than he had then, he must have gone the downward road violently indeed.

"You call him Oscar Morris, child, but we have reason to believe that his name was Pangborn; and that he was a member of the very family that used to own this estate!" the Judge went on to say.

"Then he must have given me a false name, for that was the name I knew him by. In the beginning I believed him everything that was good and true; but the contrary turned out to be the case one night when we were going to a dance, and he proved to be under the influence of drink. I refused after that ever to speak to him, tho he tried many times to force himself upon me."

"How wonderfully strange that you should see him again, and like this!" said the Judge. "And how long ago could it be since you last remember of meeting him, dearest?"

"Much more than a year and a half, I am sure," she replied, steadily, after apparently making a rapid calculation in her mind.

It seemed to me that she must be telling the truth, and that, after all, the finding of her scented kerchief in the room where the dead burglar lay possessed little, if any, significance.

I confess that such an outcome would have afforded me considerable relief, for it was simply horrible even to dream that one so sweet and fair should have had even the slightest connection with so dreadful a deed, no matter what the prov-[illegible]

[illegible] more information on the bewildering subject, I took up the conversation.

Meanwhile Janice had moved back several paces, so that I came between that awful figure on the rug and her vision; nor could any one blame her in the least for wishing to shut out the [illegible] sight.

"Do you happen to know, Judge, whether one of the Pangborn boys went by the name of Oscar?" I inquired.

He nodded his head in the affirmative, saying:

"They were twins, Oscar and Rufus; and all over this section of country their escapades as boys are still remembered as one would a reign of terror. Every farmer for miles around can tell you of raids which the Pangborn twins as they were called, made upon his orchards and dairy and chicken houses, for they seemed possessed with a wild desire to play practical jokes upon everybody, after the manner of Peck's Bad Boy of the book; and brought no end of trouble on their father. As young men they kept it up along more serious lines, finally being expelled from college. Then they were sent abroad with a tutor, and stories of their doings across the sea continued to come back home here, I have learned, making gossip for the whole neighborhood. But of late years little has been known of them, and some people even hoped that having sown their wild oats they might have married and settled down. But evidently Oscar did not; whatever happened to Rufus."

There was a whole fund of information in what the Judge was telling me. Up to that time I might have had my serious doubts as to whether Oscar Pangborn would descend so low as to associate himself with cracksmen, and even attempt to rob the house in which his own early years had been spent. After hearing what [illegible] he [illegible] as a lad I felt no further doubts along those lines.

I happened to look toward Richard just then, and was thrilled to see how his face was marked by an expression of pain; it was even more than that, for I could trace horror there, as tho an awakening sense of dread had begun to grip him.

As he was staring at the face of the girl continually, it struck me that this feeling [illegible] be on her account and not his own.

Why should he allow himself to look at her in that way? The question stabbed me, so suddenly did it come. I felt positive that the Judge's secretary was deeply in love with Janice; and could it be possible that he was pained because [illegible]

[illegible] wild blade, and [illegible] amount of attention from him, until the mask was torn off and she discovered his real nature?

Well, it hardly seemed possible to me. Richard had struck me as a very sensible young fellow, and capable of judging people with charity. And if this were so, it must mean something deeper than appeared on the surface. That look on his face seemed to tell me that Richard might have suddenly realized a startling connection between Janice's having known and feared the dead man in the past, and the fact of Oscar Pangborn's being here under this roof now!

That thought awoke the slumbering suspicions again in my mind. They refused to be crushed simply because the party against whom they were directed chanced to be a young girl with a sweet face. I had studied human nature so long that I knew only too well that there was hardly any limit to the possibilities within reach of one whom circumstances had forced to the wall

Yes, pretty women, when hounded by some wretch who held their good name in the hollow of his hand, have done terrible things in all the pages of history; and doubtless will always continue to strike back, when aroused to a pitch of desperation

I determined that I would probe further along these lines. If young Richard really knew, or even strongly suspected, anything, he must be forced to tell me, by some means or other. As he was in love with Janice, it was likely that he might absolutely refuse to accommodate me, unless I could make him see that such a move would be best, for the girl I did not anticipate meeting with serious difficulties in that direction, for I believed I knew how to handle an unwilling witness.

"There is one thing we must decide on shortly, Judge," I turned again to my old friend, "and that is to call up police headquarters in town, so as to perform your duty in the premises. They will doubtless send a detective here to look into the mystery of this man's death; and all of us must be prepared to tell him just as much as we know of the facts which, to be sure, is precious little"

I purposely looked straight at Janice while saying this. The girl had managed to get a bit of color back into her peaked face by then; but somehow it seemed as if this faded away again. She looked almost helplessly at her adopted father, as tho appealing to him to tell her whether she must on the witness stand disclose disagreeable scenes connected with her past before fortune came knocking at her door in the shape of you[r] [illegible] friend wanting to adopt her [illegible]

[illegible] because of some [illegible] with which, as yet, I was [un]acquainted. I hoped deep down in my heart that her [illegible] any more serious reason than just that delicacy about being compelled to confess how she, the now dainty heiress of the millionaire collector, had only [illegible] months previously been living [illegible] room perhaps in New York's [illegible] quarter, and working for a pittance in some shop.

Being entirely ignorant of the serious thoughts that were running [illegible] brain, the Judge could see no reason for delaying the move I suggested.

"It's all a bad piece of business," he went on to say, musingly "and is bound to draw attention to the fact that I have a fabulously valuable collection of curios in my house at Linden Fells; but as you say, it is a condition and not a theory [illegible] which we are now confronted; and the authorities would think it very strange if we withheld the startling facts until morning So perhaps we had better leave this room, and go into the other, where I can use the phone."

None of us would have been loth to get farther away from that still form on the rug. It was not a pleasant sight for me to look upon; and I had been thru so much that I thought myself steeled against showing anything like uneasiness; but the Judge was of course thinking more of Janice when he suggested this

"I will follow you shortly," I remarked "The thought has just occurred to me that possibly I might find some clew explaining matters more clearly if I probed into the pockets of this poor fellow [I] will not be long. Tell the police just the bare facts, Judge, as they appear on the surface, to the effect that apparently two burglars must have entered your house, and quarreling over the spoils one has shot the other down in cold blood. That ought to be enough for them to know in the beginning. If they find out anything more, they must do it thru their own sagacity, you understand."

Again I could see the little girl shudder as I spoke. It may have been simply because she found her nerves unsteady after this wild excitement, and the awakening of all those exceedingly unpleasant memories which she had been carefully avoiding ever since the sun shone so brightly on her life.

So the Judge took her arm in his protectingly, and followed by Richard they passed into the library.

Richard turned and gave me a strange look after he had passed [illegible] imagined there was something [illegible] formed intention of saying something, for he quickly set his jaws firmly together [illegible]

[illegible] hold and were no longer in the same

room with me. I hurriedly bent over the still form of the man who had so strangely come to his death there, and drawing the covering away, proceeded to rummage his pockets, beginning with his coat.

It was a queer thing for me to be doing, but I really believed that I might be [illegible] the ends of justice by undertaking so grewsome a task. Then besides, there was an honest hope back of it all that I might make some discovery that would effectually settle any suspicion that Janice could have had the slightest thing to do with the tragedy.

There were a few papers in his inside pocket, and eagerly I started to glance them over. The first thing I discovered was that an envelope bore the name of Oscar Pangborn, together with a New York address; and when I read the few lines that it contained I was thrilled to my finger tips with the grave possibilities it suggested.

The handwriting, a large backward, sloping English script, was undoubtedly feminine, there could be no question on that score; I found no address to tell where the letter came from, save that it was postmarked in the metropolis.

What I read contained a distinct threat, and ran as follows:

> I give you plain warning that if you try to carry out what you have suggested to me in your last communication, it must be at your peril. A woman who is desperate is not to be lightly taken. You may, as you threaten, have it in your power to ruin my present bright prospects but remember this, if you ever dare attempt to see me again you will rue the day. I have nothing more to say, only beg you to forget that you ever knew me. It will save you much suffering, and perhaps keep me from perdition.
>
> YOU KNOW WHO.

I read that over twice before I was able to comprehend what a terrible weapon it might prove in the hand of some skilful detective, once his suspicions had been turned toward poor little Janice.

Could the girl have written it, after having had a threatening letter from [illegible] trying to blackmail [illegible] him sums of [illegible] of having some hidden [illegible] exposed if she re- [illegible] my breath away [illegible] I scould do [illegible] tion, now that it had fallen into my hands. By right I should not be dipping into these affairs at all, for it lay wholly in the province of the police to deal with the solving of the mystery; but my late work had all been along the line of investigating the causes of crime, and this mystery appealed forcibly to my heart. Then again, it would certainly be better for a friendly hand to uncover what lay in the past of this young girl, than that a heartless detective should force her to admit damaging facts.

So I coolly placed that threatening, unsigned letter securely in my own pocket, and went on examining the other documents which I had found on the person of the dead man.

The next was an old letter, with a foreign postmark, and came apparently from his father. I only read far enough in it to see that the old gentleman was telling his scapegrace boy that he washed his hands of him once and for all, and would never remit another dollar to be thrown after the countless thousands he had squandered.

This at least told that Oscar must have been reduced to hard conditions of late, so that he might have listened favorably to some desperate scheme for burglarizing his old home at Linden Fells. It was a point that might have considerable bearing on the final outcome, I concluded.

There was one more communication that I thought of considerable importance under the peculiar circumstances. It ran as follows:

> My lawyer tells me I will undoubtedly get a ten year sentence for my folly. That will wind me up for good, because I'll never live it thru, as my cough keeps getting worse every day. They know me out here in Chicago as Allan Myers. I had the good sense to spare our father that much shame. About that necklace that disappeared some years ago so strangely from mother's safe. I took it! All this time I've been afraid to go back home and do anything with it. I want you to do me a last good turn by going out to the shut-up home, and getting it, send the same over to mother, telling her that you found it. They'll think of me a little more kindly, perhaps. You will find it where I hid it in a hurry at that time, and never dared look at it again—there is a loose panel back of the picture of "Harvest Time" in the big room; work this, and you will find a little cavity behind it, and there the necklace lies, if the rats have not carried it off. Good-by [illegible]

W[illegible] I read that, I had another up[illegible] in my brain, for it seemed to explain the coming of Oscar to the home of his childhood. With the utmost eagerness did I begin to form a theory, based upon his desire to get possession of the valuable necklace, tho I doubted very much whether his mother would ever have handled the same again, since his needs must have been great and the temptation to dispose of his find very powerful.

I glanced up, more to reassure myself than from any other cause, because I already knew that just such a painting hung upon one of the walls of the living room. Yes, there it was, a very good picture of the last load of hay coming to the big country barn, with young men and maidens dancing alongside, bearing rakes and pitchforks, as became their calling.

I hastily passed over until I came to the picture in the gold frame. It was of considerable size, fully 4 feet in length, and as much as 3 feet in height; but I found that I could easily push it aside; and no sooner had my eyes fallen upon the paneling back of it than I decided as to which of the narrow boards must be loose.

Taking out my knife I opened a blade, and by inserting this in the crevice I immediately dislodged the short panel and thrust my hand into the dark cavity. I felt a thrill, as my fingers came in contact with something cold; which proved to be a chain of pearls, worth considerable money, I should imagine; tho the Judge might be better able to tell that, as he knew all about precious gems.

I did not replace the necklace, nor did I put that letter back in the pocket of the poor fellow who lay there on the floor.

Surely the tragedy had been once more plunged into renewed mystery by the finding of this letter, and the presence of that valuable necklace back of the painting "Harvest Time."

It now looked as tho, after all, Oscar Pangborn had not come to Linden Fells bent upon burglarizing the house of the wealthy new owner of his former boyhood home. Why, possibly he did not even know that the house had passed from the possession of his family, and believed that only a caretaker might be liv[illegible] a few of the rooms.

[illegible] bring to light some key [illegible] open a side door, and which in [illegible] days [illegible] been wont to use [illegible] flat, spiral put [illegible] but [illegible]

I tried to look at that [illegible] Suppose now that the young man had come out here secretly, holding no conversation with any one because he did not wish to be seen by those who would recognize him; I could imagine him arriving at the mansion long after the last light had been extinguished, and entering with all the stealth of a midnight thief. The familiar furniture would greet his eyes on every hand, because things had not been much changed since Judge Stormways came into possession a short time before; so that there would have been nothing to amaze Oscar until he arrived at the living-room, where he would discover himself gazing upon the most marvelous collection of wonderful curios that could be imagined. I had succeeded in carrying the intruder along to this point, and then I found myself up against a stone wall. What had happened then? Whence had come that fatal shot, by means of which the misguided heir of the Pangborns had been sent to his last account?

Well, here was a pretty kettle of fish, for I now found myself in possession of two distinct clews, each pointing in a different direction. If Janice wrote that threatening letter, which only a desperate woman would dream of sending to the man who was persecuting her, because of her hidden past, it would appear that after all she might have been guilty. On the other hand, supposing that Oscar had come out to his old home simply to secure possession of that valuable bit of jewelry, that he could either return to his mother, thus clearing his brother of the suspicion of having stolen it long ago, or else sell the same to replenish his exhausted pocketbook, who then had fired that shot, and for what purpose?

I searched everywhere, but could find no trace of a firearm of any description. Then I remembered allowing my thoughts to rove back to the moment when I had come upon the Judge standing on the stair-landing halfway down, holding a revolver in his hand, and breathing heavily, as tho with exhaustion, or because of his asthmatic condition.

Of course, it was next to absurd to dream that he could have shot the intruder, as he might have a right to do in the eye of the law, and then attempt to confuse the issue, instead of frankly confessing to the facts; but really I would be glad to take a look at that revolver of his, so as to make sure there was not an empty cartridge shell in the cylinder.

Having completed my hasty examination of the body without making any further discovery of any importance, I was ready to pass into the next apartment. I stood in the doorway for a moment watching those who were there ahead of me, the Judge still talking guardedly over the wire with some heavy-voiced party at the other end, no doubt the chief of police at headquarters; and Richard soothing the young girl as best he might, a task I felt he would under ordinary conditions have enjoyed very much, but which seemed to give him as much pain as pleasure.

Just as I stepped into the room he looked around, and I could see that his face immediately paled; but at the same time I believed it was on account of Janice, rather than himself that he felt worried. He was wondering whether I had made any further discovery, and if it would imply that there had been any late communication between Janice and the young rascal whom she had once known and feared.

"I have told all that was necessary," the Judge said, as he came toward me, having hung up the receiver, "and the police will be here as soon as they can leave town. Perhaps we had better be getting on some more clothes, so as to be in condition to receive them."

He glanced toward Janice while saying this last, and she blushed as she looked down at her lovely decorated silk kimono; but as for me, I did not think she could have appeared more charming than just then; and I am sure another who was present must be of a similar opinion, meaning Richard, of course.

"If you will excuse me," she hastened to say, "I will take advantage of the opportunity to get my hair done up respectably, at least, and perhaps dress, because I suppose we shall have little time for sleeping the rest of this terrible night, even if we could think of trying it."

"Very sensibly said, my dear," commented the Judge.

Noticing that he had laid his revolver down at the time he started to use the 'phone, I sauntered over that way, and as if casually interested in the means he carried for the defense of his collection of valuable curios, I picked up the weapon, started clicking the cylinder around.

Hardly had I commenced to do this than I made a little discovery that gave me an unpleasant [illegible] for I found that one of the [illegible]

You doubtless have now a pretty definite [illegible] guilty [illegible] pear in next week's [illegible]

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What Women Are Doing in the War

Beating the Kaiser.

THE Porto Rican schoolgirl h[illegible] enlisted and under the leadership of her domestic science teacher, who is herself led by the supervisor for the island, Miss Grace Ferguson, is making open and vigorous war against Germany. She is striking at the enemy thru the blows of thousands of men who are well fed because she has saved food and taught to save it.

The work that the Porto Rican girls are now doing is the specialized kit[illegible] that is worth paying for in money and will win grateful remembrance for many years. The members of the cooking classes are the efficiency experts of the community.

Teachers and pupils visit the hotels and cafes where food is cooked and sho[w] the bakers and cooks the proper way [to] do it.

The wheatless day has given th[e] schoolgirls their opening. The cooks [in] small hotels thru the island knew nothing about cornbread. Some of them did not even attempt it; others attempted it, and the kindest thing one could say of the result is that it was an attempt. Then the schoolgirl arrived with Miss Ferguson's recipe and acting as tactful as possible invaded the hotel. They talked to the proprietor, said that many people reported that if his cornbread were a little better they'd prefer it to ambrosia and persuaded him to try their way of making it.

Sometimes he s[ays] that he would be glad to do so, if he had an oven in which to cook. Ordinarily that reply would silence a reformer, but Miss Ferguson had the girls prepared to meet the objection. They tell him that they will make him an oven and very shortly he receives one with the compliments of the class. It is made out of a five-gallon oil can, but it cooks food, the es[sential requirement] of an oven.

[illegible] ...ok good corn[illegible] From [illegible] may have to go [illegible] products hitherto [illegible]

[illegible] fortunate that [illegible] We have yautia, [illegible] potato [illegible]

[illegible] ...st work; we must plant [illegible] cook them; we must use [illegible] found in them.

"Proteids? We need not worry. We have beans, frijoles, gandules and peas. And fish! Don't forget that we have plenty of fish in the waters around us.

"We won't run short of fats; we have the cocoanut, the cacao and the peanut. All contain fat and we must learn to take advantage of them.

"Food! The Allies need it. Let them have it. Their need is greater than ours, so we will go without. But going without is not going to mean suffering, for here in our own island we have plenty of substitutes. We'll use them and teach you to use them."

Doughnuts at the Front.

FROM one end of the line to the other she is known as "Mother" Burdick. Her home and place of business are among the ruins of a French village just back of the lines, and very close to the danger zone—as close, in fact, as the officers would let her come. And she makes doughnuts for the American boys who are fighting over there. Next to apple pie, the Yank in the trenches dotes on doughnuts. The boys have rigged up a brick oven for her near the Salvation Army shack and here "Mother Burdick does her baking, while the boys stand around and watch.

Her sleeves are rolled up to the elbow, and she never ceases her work of stamping out the doughnuts with a mold shaped from a tin baking powder can, and cutting out the center with another mold made from a vaseline tin. On the stove is a small vat of boiling grease. She presents a picture of home domesticity almost startling there within sound of the artillery, sheltered in the ruins of a once prosperous village. Not one of the boys but comes to see her when off [dut]y.

"Hello, mother!" said a rough, rawboned, red-haired private nicknamed Texas. "How are the doughnuts?"

From head to toe he bore the grime of the trenches.

"You don't want a doughnut—a great big man like you; you want a meal. Now, sit down an' do as I tell you."

Texas sat down. Mother Burdick's wish is a first-line command.

"Just's you say," continued Texas, "but, between you'n me and the rest of this scrubby outfit hangin' around here, I'd rather have a doughnut—or maybe a half a dozen—than the biggest porterhouse and mushrooms in good old U. S. Le' me sit here an' eat a couple an' just watch you messin' around in that flour I almost think you're my honest-to-God mother, 'cause tha's exactly the way she used to look when I hung around waitin' for a doughnut an' probably a beatin' beside."

Can any woman resist a plea like that? "Mother" Burdick cannot. That is why she has the love and respect of every man who knows her.

Shows Patriotism by Mending Tattered Flags.

THERE is no excuse for any factory or school in Chicago flying a soiled or tattered flag, now that Miss Rosezellia King has set her[self] [illegible] them all at their best. She works for [illegible]

Gives Up $10,000 Income During War.

MISS LAURA JOY HAWLEY, who is giving up a $10,000 a year income to be a dietitian in France, believes that her knowledge of salesmanship will help her in her work in one of the diet kitchens near the front.

Everything in life, she maintains, involves buying and selling, and she means to prove her ability as a saleswoman by persuading the soldiers to eat things that are good for them. Miss Hawley studied dietetics at the University of Wisconsin, with the idea of making it her profession, but after teaching the subject for a while in the settlement houses of the West, she learned that she could never hope to make more than $1,200 a year by this work. So she decided to give it up and go into business.

She began her business career by selling novelties in small towns not too far away from her own town, and discovered they offered an excellent field for any one with gifts and ribbon novelties a few weeks before Christmas.

This venture encouraged her to go to Chicago. Ribbon novelties were in great demand, and Miss Hawley decided to specialize in them. She rented an exhibition room in one of Chicago's highest priced hotels, and made it pay. The expenses were heavy, but the returns also were far greater. Then the proprietor of a high class Southern hotel asked Miss Hawley to open a permanent shop in his hotel, offering to lease her the space for $2,700 a year. This seemed a tremendous sum, and she hesitated. However, when he offered to open the shop for her, and pay her a salary, she accepted the first offer, and made good.

She went to New York and purchased several thousand dollars' worth of goods and then left for the South. Besides her ticket, she had only $18.50 to her name and was head over heels in debt. In this shop Miss Hawley handled exclusive gowns and lingerie. She hired three saleswomen, an excellent fitter and two seamstresses. The shop had an unusually individual air about it. The commercial note was absent as far as possible, and from the beginning it was a success because of its unusual character. People came from all over the country, for the big shopping centers like New York and Chicago, to purchase things there.

When Miss Hawley learned dietitians of executive ability were needed in France, she promptly sold out her business and prepared to go. She has put aside enough money to meet the needs of the dependents whom she leaves behind.

"A great many people seem to think that I am making a rather unusual sacrifice," says Miss Hawley, "but I know any number of men who are unhesitatingly giving up positions that pay them at least $10,000 a year in order to go with the Y. M. C. A. or Red Cross on salaries of $50 to $80 a month, so I cannot see that I am doing any more than they."

Nurses Are Wanted.

AT A recent meeting in Cleveland of the American Nurses' Association Miss Annie W. Goodrich, president of the association and chief inspecting nurse of all military hospitals in the United States and France, made the following statement:

"Girls with the necessary qualifications can render the country no greater patriotic service than by taking up nursing as a profession. Never was the need for nurses greater than it is now. Even if the war were to end tomorrow, the need for nurses for the crippled and maimed, the women and children, would be far greater than the supply.

"Reconstruction work alone needs many more nurses than we now have. The field is limitless, and for the energetic worker presents unbounded opportunities to render service to the country and to humanity in general."

In addition to Miss Goodrich, who was superintendent of Bellevue Hospital in New York, and on the staff of the Teachers' College at Columbia University, before being called into service, there is Miss Mary Lent. Both these women are registered nurses. Miss Lent's duties are also extensive. She is supervisor of the Nursing Service in the Extra Cantonment Zones. During her term under Dr. Rupert Blue of the United States Public Health Service, Miss Lent has visited more than seventeen cantonments. Her work lies outside these cantonments in the five-mile zones around the camps, to safeguard the health of soldiers. Her words regarding conditions near the big camps are re[assur]ing to mothers. She says:

"Mothers can be assured that every[th]ing possible is being done to protect their boys. We are working among all branches of the civilian population, even [illegible] children. Our work is [illegible] Health conditions in [illegible] cantonments are good. we [are] [illegible] to make them better."

[Th]ese women are able to gauge the value of women's work in the war. They urge [illegible] able, to join in [illegible] victory to the United [States].

Germany, Beware!

BERKELEY, Cal., women have organized a league to put a strict ban on German-made goods after the war if captured soldiers of the United States Army are mistreated in German prison camps.

The Berkeley women hold that Germany's first problem after the war is settled, will be an economic one. It must finds a market for its goods, if it intends to live, and any action taken by American women against German-made goods will be felt keenly.

Many prominent clubwomen and housewives are enlisted in the organization. The league asks the women of the United States to join in the task of protecting American soldiers from insults and indignities, by threatening a commercial blow at Germany in retaliation after the war. The verdict will depend upon the officially acknowledged word of men released from German prison camps. Pledge cards read as follows:

"I do hereby pledge myself to refrain from buying German-made articles after the war if any American prisoners of war receive other than humane treatment at the hands of Germany."

Mrs. Astor. Dishwasher.

WAR is a great leveler. It has put the women of the peerage in England on a level with the workingwoman, and bids fair to accomplish the same end among the wealthy women of this country. Mrs. Vincent Astor, the wife of one of America's multi-millionaires, [illegible] Bordeaux, France.

Mrs. Astor and Mrs. Ethel Rums[ey], daughter of Oliver Harriman, conduct the canteen, and are admired by all the soldiers and sailors who have been in the port, because of their democratic ways. They serve 1,600 men at a single meal and they hand out the food themselves. Sometimes, when help is short, they wash the dishes. Rather a large sized order for women who have been brought up in the lap of luxury.

Not Hard to Do.

One evening a young man attended a circus, where one of the big features of the show was a beautiful lion tamer. Entering the ring, followed by the lion, the fair charmer placed a lump of sugar between her lips, which the king of the forest took from her with his teeth. Instantly the youth sat up and began to take notice.

"Great stunt all right," he enthusiastically shouted to the performer, "but I can do it, too!"

"Of course," scornfully replied the pretty performer, who didn't like having her act minimized, "but do you really think you can?"

"Most assuredly," was the prompt rejoinder of the young man, "just as well as the lion."

Swift.

It was a dull day in the trenches and a bunch of Tommies had gathered and were discussing events. After a while the talk turned to a big Boche who had been captured the night before.

"He was scared stiff," said one Tommy.

"Did he run?" asked another.

"Run!" replied the first. "Why, if that Boche had just one feather in his hand he'd 'a' flew."

An Added Burden.

A small boy who had been in the habit of leaving food on his plate was warned that Mr. Hoover would not approve of it. He meditatively replied: "I've always had to mind daddy and mother and Aunt Mary and God, and now here comes along Mr. Hoover."—Life.

One Exception.

"Girls are all frivolous. Did you ever know one to give any attention to abstract reflections?"

"Well, I've seen a number of them take stolen glances at a mirror."

Method.

"My wife watches the sugar market closely."

"Speculating?"

"In a small way. She borrows when it's high and pays back when it's low."

Imogene, the Impulsive

By Olive Roberts Barton

IMOGENE FARRELL was pretty, of course. That was why her numerous impulsive acts never got her into trouble. Where so many people who act in haste repent at leisure, she never had to put in agonizing hours of remorse, for whoever suffered by her impetuosity, merely took one look into her distressed blue eyes and her sensitive, dismayed mouth and forgave her on the spot. Billy, her brother, called her "Little Jumping Joan," like the girl in the nursery rhyme.

So of course when Imogene made up her mind that "Billy, the Wonderful," who was captain of his team at college, had won the president's cup in the all-summer tournament at the club, and was in a fair way to make his fortune as an architect, when she decided that all these things rolled into one in one wonderful being, ought to have some weight as to his standing in the Army, she concluded at once to tell somebody about it. She knew all sorts of officers with shining leggings and regulation caps who hadn't the tenth of the brains that Billy had, and it was awful to think of him chopping wood and doing guard duty and having to turn in at taps when he was accustomed to going to bed at any old time he chose.

Billy wrote enthusiastic uncomplaining letters home about his captain, one Roger Stern, an R. O. C. graduated from Plattsburg, so Imogene the impulsive, considering her new decision, decided that if any appeal was to be made about Billy, Capt. Roger Stern was the person to whom it should be made, and on second thoughts decided that a personal appeal would have more weight than a hundred letters, which a busy Army officer would more than likely throw into the waste basket. And that accounted for her arrival in Springtown a day or two after, five miles short of her destination, having burned out a bearing in her road car, which tried her patience very sorely.

There was no place in Springtown to have it fixed and a telephone inquiry to Leechburg, the camp town, verified her fears. There was no place there to have it fixed either, it seemed; it meant days [illegible]

[illegible] was Billy still chopping and [illegible] Stern, who could save him and [illegible] was Feeling [illegible] [illegible] er learned, which may [illegible] for her impulsiveness.

What was to be done? If she could get to Leechburg she could hire another car, or rent a taxi perhaps, and thereby get out to camp. But in Springtown there was nothing. What could you expect of a signpost, a combination postoffice and general store where you could buy anything from sweet potatoes to celluloid toilet sets, and a few inefficient citizens whose bumps of curiosity may have accounted for the angle at which they wore their hats.

"Oh, can't anybody do anything?" asked Imogene in desperation. "I must get to the camp right away." And then her eye discovered a way out of the difficulty hitched to a post in front of the store and attached to it a two-wheel cart with long shafts. "What's that?" she demanded sharply.

"That's a horse, Miss. Belongs to Dobbs here, and he's hitched to a cart to break him in."

"I could drive him," declared Imogene. There is no use repeating all of the conversation. All that interests us is that the protests from the bystanders that the horse had only been in shafts "twict" did not deter Imogene from hauling ten dollars out of her purse and crawling up on the narrow little seat. "Well, Ive got to get to Camp Simpson right away," she declared, "and if this steed runs off I'll get there all the sooner. Just keep along this road, you say? All right. Thank you. Good-by."

And away she went, followed by various bets that she'd break her neck before she got very far. But after she'd gone about half the distance a piece of paper blew across the road, which was something Dobbs' colt could not account for, and the affirmatives in the betting were in a fair way to win. The colt laid back his ears, stretched his long legs and decided to put as much distance as quickly as possible between himself and the white flying mystery in the rear. He took the bit in his teeth and, to be brief, ran away.

Now, Imogene wasn't afraid. And if she had been on a smooth macadam she would rather have enjoyed the sensation of demolishing distance at two miles a minute. But the road from Springtown to Leechburg was the worst in the country and the jolting was awful. She only hit the high places. Rounding a curve on one wheel, her hair flying in the wind, Imogene had about decided that it was time to jump and was looking for a grassy spot on which to land when a man appeared, headed off the colt by waving his arms, threw himself at its head during the second's hesitation, and it was all over. "Oh, oh! Thank you," said Imogene [illegible]

"I am quite you [illegible] welcome," said the man. And then [illegible] saw that he [illegible] flannel shirt [illegible] [illegible] A private, perhaps, [illegible] [illegible] felt better about Billy.

"Hadn't you better get out?" he suggested. "Neddy here might run away again." He stroked the animal's steaming neck, but kept a firm hand on the bridle.

"Oh, no, I can't," she cried. "I must get to camp. I want to see one of the captains on urgent business right away about my brother."

"Well, I am going to camp, but unfortunately I can't drive you; these things are only built for one."

Imogene considered a moment. It wouldn't do to risk another runaway and spoil Billy's [illegible] could chop wood, [illegible] cruit do what was in her mind.

"I wonder if you would mind leading him for me?" she suggested sweetly. "Is it very far to camp?"

"Not at all," smiled the soldier, saluting. "No, it's not very far. It's only about three-quarters of a mile now."

And this is the way they arrived, but the soldier was developing something else besides a cramp in his neck turning to see the prettiest girl that had come to camp since its beginning. The way she laughed, the way she glanced at one out of the corners of her eyes, was quite disconcerting.

And Imogene in turn was thinking "What shoulders! And his nose! And the way he carries his head! And eyes! Mercy, she had never seen eyes like that. She would have to find out from Billy who he was.

Billy was delighted, dumfounded, and a bit flabbergasted all at once, at his sister's sudden appearance. He hadn't seen the arrival, but he knew her well enough to be suspicious of her errand.

"I want to see your captain, Billy!" she explained at last. The murder was out! He coaxed, pleaded, threatened, but it was of no use. She had not come 150 miles to go home without a look in, so she said.

Billy wouldn't take her over, but a comrade, hearing the discussion, offered his services, and Imogene disheveled, but undaunted, accepted, and followed him out of the tent, up the company street to the orderly room. And there she saw her soldier again.

[illegible], sir," said her guide, [illegible] withdrew.

[illegible] a panic seized Imogene. There [illegible] thing about this man, his [illegible] mouth, his air of authority that [illegible] something other than a recruit, or even a private, corporal or sergeant.

"I came to see Captain Stern," [illegible] faltered. "I—hate to bother you again."

"On the contrary, it's no bother. Rather an honor," said he. "I'm Captain Stern."

[illegible] turned white [illegible] very [illegible] and [illegible] for a way of retreat.

"[illegible] go Miss Farrell," begged the captain. "Won't you please tell me what I can do."

She shook her head. "I—I guess Billy was right, and I am a little fool," she said. "I am too impulsive. I came to [illegible] you couldn't make him something [illegible]."

"Faithful retainer!" exclaimed the captain. "I'm not supposed to tell you, but such allegiance deserves reward. Your brother is to go into the officers' training camp in three weeks. We realize he is a good man and has asked no favors."

"Then"—her face was beaming—"it was all right, anyway, without my coming! And I haven't done any harm! Oh, I [illegible]."

"[illegible] I'm not sure about the harm," [illegible] Captain Stern, feeling [illegible] queer palpitation under his breast pocket as she glanced at him sideways again.

"And forgive me for asking you to lead my horse, please," she pleaded, "but I thought you were a private."

He laughed. "And why shouldn't a [illegible]" he asked. "I had a beautiful time, anyway."

"So had I," confessed Imogene, coloring.

"Can't you come often to see how Billy is getting along?"

"Perhaps," she promised, smiling.

The Angry Pacifist

"I WISH you would speak to Robert about being rude to the neighbors," declared the precise Mrs. Criblet to her impracticable husband. "Mrs. Wheatblow says that Robert passed her husband yesterday without speaking to him. Mr. Wheatblow is getting quite sensitive about people's not speaking to him. He thinks it is because he is a pacifist. I believe that his convictions should not be held against him. Even if he is a pacifist that is no reason why our son should be rude to him."

"Ahem!" observed Criblet. "Wheatblow, eh? That highstepper who goes by here sometimes carrying a cane and needing a haircut and reducing exercise?"

"Yes. I know you don't like him and Robert doesn't like him, or anything he says in his lectures. But just the same he is an acquaintance of ours, and Mrs. Wheatblow is very nice to me, and it is as little as Robert can do to speak politely to the gentleman when he sees him."

"Why, certainly, my dear, I believe you are right. I shall speak to Robert about it. Of course, it will not be necessary to salute the gentleman as we might salute a fighting man. A military salute would be quite improper, and, in fact, might be regarded as smacking of derision. But I shall suggest a civil bow as the proper thing."

"Mrs. Wheatblow was very nice about it," continued Mrs. Criblet. "She mentioned it to me, she said, because she thought her husband was in a measure responsible for the oversight, for he himself did not speak to Robert, being at the time engaged in heading off a chicken which had escaped. In fact, the pacifist had just intercepted the chicken with his foot as it was on the point of dashing madly into the open when Robert passed and Mr. Wheatblow—he was severely provoked at the chicken—may not have appeared as ingratiating as if he had been more passively employed."

"I get you!" replied Criblet. "I see it all! Robert did not recognize him. He had never seen the old bird before in anything but amiable and passive employment. He has seen him passing weather platitudes, but not kicking a chicken. His chicken kicking expression is so different from his ordinary one as to disguise him altogether. I doubt, my dear, whether you would have recognized him yourself if you had happened along at that particular moment.

"When the brow and the eyes are distorted by passion, when the breath comes hard and the cuss words easy, the whole physiognomy of the human is changed from the angelic or the jellified to the satanic or hard boiled. No doubt, if Robert had recognized Mr. Wheatblow he would have conceived a new respect for him and would have proceeded to give him a genuine handshake and hailed him as a good thrift stamp prospect."

Made in Germany.

PAUL GARY of Anderson, Ind., is all American with the exception of a glass eye. The substitute optic is alien. Gary tried to enlist in the United States Marine Corps at their recruiting station, but was rejected when his infirmity was discovered by Sergt. G. C. Wright.

"Didn't you know that the loss of an eye would prevent your enlisting?" asked the sergeant.

"I thought it might," explained Gary; "but this glass blinker is the only part of me that was made in Germany, and I want to take it back."

He was advised to mail it.

Unappreciative.

"DO YOU appreciate the fact that you are saving daylight?"

"No," replied Mr. Growcher. "It'll be more opportunity for me to go to the ball games. And every time I go to the ball park the home team loses."

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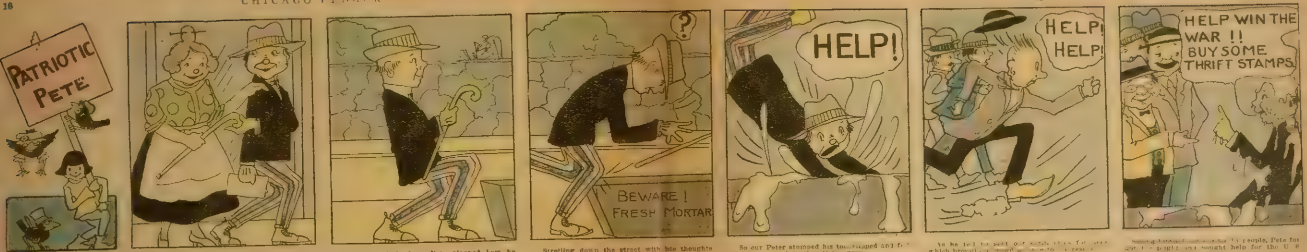

PETE'S PLUCK— Pete started out one day, telling Polly he was going to boost the buying of Thrift Stamps

As he walked along Pete planned how he would see various people and persuade them to buy

Strolling down the street with his thoughts far away, Pete did not see a vat of fresh mortar

So our Peter stumped his toe, slipped and fell face foremost into the sticky mass

The Tenderfoot "Noncom."

The bark of the sergeant major is proverbially terrible, for a withering sarcasm seems to be indigenous to his calling, and many are the tales told of his fine scorn and his revelation as to the disposition and character of members of the corps or what not who are being "put thru it." One of the most recent of such stories tells of the sergeant major's ... with a mild mannered non... ned officer in charge of a pla... asked the ... what he would ...

"Why not offer ... boxes of chocolates?"

No Great Advantage.

"Aren't you ashamed to abuse a dumb brute in that fashion?"

"It's all even enough," answered the driver. "What I'm sayin' to the mule is pretty much the same as what the mule would say to me if he could talk."

"If I ever have to choose a disease, I'll pick neurasthenia."

"Wot's good fer it, Weary?"

"Complete rest."

Vivid Imagination.

Gas and Electricity.

Ethel Barrymore was brushing her little girl's hair. It "crackled," and the tot asked her mother why it did.

"Why, dear, you have electricity in your hair," explained the actress.

"Isn't that funny?" commented the little Ethel. "I have electricity in my hair and grandmother has gas in her stomach."

Mean Stuff, This.

Jones—"When a man gets old enough to think about getting married."

Bones—"He's wise enough to reconsider."

Her Way.

Mrs. Youngbride—"Did your former mistress assist you with the cooking?"

Bridget—"Yes, mum, by kaping out of the kitchen."

Easy Hours.

At the lunch hour we heard this conversation between the office boy and his ... friend ...

"Nope. I c'n go to work any time I feel like it, just so I ain't no later than 7 o'clock."

George's Trousseau.

... a life as bare as that of the ... whose son was to be married. ... 'Where's George?' a neighbor ...

"'He's getting married this afternoon,' his mother answered, 'and he's upstairs in bed now while I crease his trousseau for him.'"

The Colonel Was Satisfied.

William Jennings Bryan said in a temperance address in Louisville:

"Why does the world so malign Kentucky? I heard the other day a malignant ... about a Kentucky Colonel ... man asked him, 'Is there any cure for snake bite except whisky?' 'Who cares,' snorted the Colonel, 'whether there is or not?'"

What Jones Had Done.

...ding Genius—"What is the charge against Private Jones?"

Sergeant—"If yer plaze 'e's been drunk, an' ... breakin' things, an' 'e's wont ... no orders. In fact, 'e's behavin' ... as tho' 'e was the bloomin' colonel himself."

Pen Names.

... Why, that's my husband's pen name," said the lady of the house.

"Ain't it funny?" marveled the cook. "My husband has one, too. Up to the pen they call him 'Glycerin' George.'"—Judge.

Not Satisfied.

Mrs. Newrich—"Me and John have had our portraits painted by four American artists, and not one of them is satisfactory. After the war we intend to go abroad and see what the old masters can do."

Very Unusual.

"A rather remarkable couple, I should say."

"They've been married ten years and she still listens with deference when he expresses an opinion."

The Answer.

High Private—"Why don't you use some of this Carranza money to start our fire with?"

...ducated Sargeant—"Can't do it—it ... legal tinder in this country."

Not Stolen.

"Where did you get that chicken, Kelly?"

"Sure, sorr, it came for me vicious-like and I had to kill it in self defense, sorr."

"Herbert, you weren't listening to what I said."

"Why—what makes you think that, darling?"

"I asked you if you could let me have $100 and you smiled and said, 'Yes, dearest.'"

Why He Was Late.

A small boy was allowed to go to play with his chum two blocks away, if he would leave at 4 o'clock. At 6 o'clock the boy appeared in the back door of his home. His mother asked him if he had left at 4 as he was told. The boy said yes ... "Charles gave me a tortoise and I was afraid to carry it, so I had to lead it home."

As an Alarm.

"My!" said Mrs. Comler, inspecting her friend's house, "why do you have such a high bed for your little boy?"

"So we can hear him if he falls out," replied Mrs. Houser ...

And "Fritz" Moved.

"I know the people are behind me," cried the pacifist orator.

"And if you don't start moving they may catch up to you," cried a menacing voice in the audience.

A Sure Defense.

"Did you ever see a gas mask?"

"Sure, you can see one every time on the gasman's face when you go to complain of your meter."

Pay Dirt.

"One moment, please," ... the patient in the oculist's chair.

"Well," queried ...

... standing," said the patient. "I want it thoroly agreed, before you remove that foreign substance from my eye, that if ..."

Stratagem.

... makes you laugh as soon as Biggins starts one of his funny stories.

"It may make him talk faster, so as to get to the point before the laugh dies out."

Easy to Answer.

It was during the daily lesson on patriotism and the teacher had finished ... the duty to one's country and the blessings of citizenship.

"And now, children," she said, "what ... by nature ..."

"Yes, ma'am; corsets," said Evelyn.

Good Taste in Shoes.

Bootmaker—"Well, General, I am glad to see you back; and 'ow did you find ... I made you?"

... Exodus (an exchanged prisoner) ...

Reason for all Things.

... "that they always say a man 'pines' for a woman?"

"I suppose," growled the fussy bachelor, "it's because pine is about the softest wood there is."

No Chance.

... The police say that you and your wife had some words."

Prisoner—"I had some, judge, but I didn't get a chance to use them."—Puck.

Equivocal Verse.

35—"Will these lines do?" said Tom Funnyboy to his mother, as he showed her an invitation he proposed to send to Jack Sobersides.

If little Jack can come to tea,
I shall indeed be very glad;
How truly vexed we all shall be
If aught at home detains the lad!

Then Tom did a little transposing of lines before he mailed the invitation. The next day Jack sent it back, torn in two and without thanks. What did Tom make the verse read?

Fill in the Gaps.

36—Keeping these letters in their present order, make a sensible sentence by inserting among them as often as is necessary another letter, which must be in every case the same:

A DEN I I CAN DOCK

Buried Animals.

37—"Come hither, mine friend," said the monk, eying him kindly, "be a very good boy, step thru the furze bravely, and seek the lost riches."

What animals are "buried" here, so that their names form parts of different words?

Missing Words.

38—Now in —— —— tomes the professor opined
That by —— —— weakly he strengthened his mind.
But he carried so far this observance abstemious,
That it starved all the fire that —— his genius.

The missing words have the same seven letters.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

31. Buried Poets.

Gray, Moore, Byron, Pope, Dryden, Gay, Keats and Hemans.

32. Johnson's Cat.

Johnson's cat is solved thus: As each day and night the cat climbed up eleven feet, and came down seven, the daily upward gain was four feet, and thirteen days would bring her fifty-two feet up the tree. Then on the fourteenth day she mounted the remaining eleven feet and was at the top, so that no coming down seven feet is to be taken into account, so she attains her place in fourteen days.

33. Word Anagrams.

Coincides, articulates.

34. Cross Purposes.

When the expert in finger talk made signs for his deaf and dumb friend to join him and his wife, he used the single word "Hither" and this, owing to an unintended pause in the word, the deaf and dumb man took to be "Hit her."

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are printed simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

Makes a Difference.

"Do you know the nature of an oath?"

"Yas, sah."

"It means that after you are sworn you must tell the truth and nothing but the truth. Ahem! Where are you employed?"

... club?"

"Er—yas, sah. But I ain't under oath den."

Plenty of Credit.

... ing over the credit sales slips one day. Suddenly he called to the new clerk:

"Did you give George Callahan credit ...

"Didn't I tell you to get a report on any and every man asking for credit?"

"Why, I did," returned the clerk, who was an earnest young fellow. "I did get a report. The agency said he owed money to every grocer in town, and, of course, if his credit was that good, I knew that you would like to have him open an account here."

Evolution of Hip Pocket.

In the ... virile days
That we carried
Our pistols
In our hip pockets
And then that custom
Went out of vogue
And we carried our flasks
In our hip pockets
I am in favor
Of abolishing the hip pocket
Before ...
To carry our tatting in them.

Easy Enough.

... can't get free professional advice ...

... can. Your doctor will talk as long as you will listen and your lawyer will give you ... advice on any ailment you ... for discussion."

Under Certain Conditions.

"Do you believe in infant damnation, my brother?" solemnly asked the horse-faced stranger at the door.

"Not unless they're too young to take a club to," replied Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge, Ark.

Its Location.

"Have you got a site yet for that new summer cottage you have been planning?"

"Oh, ..."

"Where is it?"

"In my mind's eye."

Too Low for Her.

Professor—"You have a promising contralto voice."

Miss Newrich—"But, professor, I'd rather sing soprano; it ... toned."

Its Proper Name.

"What do you think of my daughter's execution on the piano?"

"I think I would look on it ... murdering time."

Cause of It.

"What a croaker that officer is!"

"I guess it comes from the frogs on his ..."

Bingville Bugle.

"What we need in this country is more confidence, men!" shouted Senator Sorghum who voted for the sugar bill.

The Bingville Bugle ... printer who has been fired omitted the comma after the word "confidence."

... said little Marion, "do men ever go to Heaven?"

"... of course, my dear. What makes you ask?"

"Because I never see any pictures of angels with whiskers."

"Well," said the mother, thoughtfully, "some men do go to Heaven, but they get there by a close shave."

Off His Form.

Van Puyster (to departing valet)—"Well, Simpson, I fancy you'll have a hard time getting another place."

Valet—"I fawncy so, sir. After being with you a matter of six months, sir, it will take me some time, sir, to get back to form."

His Trophies.

The exile had saved a bit ... and came back to his native ... holiday. ... success as an athlete.

"Just before I came back," ... modestly. "I won a ... swimming, a marble clock and so cups for cycling, and two or three belts for boxing and wrestling."

His old friend stared at him in amazement. "Shure," he gasped, "it's the champion athlete you are intoirely."

"Not at all!" was the grinning reply ... broker's shop."

... mountains stopped at a cabin and asked for a drink of water. An old woman brought it out to him, and after drinking, he had quite a talk with her, telling her great stories about some of the wonders he had seen in the outside world. Finally, when he stopped to take breath, the old woman took her pipe out of her mouth and said:

"Stranger, if I knowed as much as you do, I'd go som'ere and start a little grocery."

Hooverizing.

Mr. Marital Bliss—"This soup seems very thin. What did you use for stock?"

Mrs. M. B.—"Why, you see, Mr. Hoover advises us to use the water food has been boiled in, so I used the broth from the boiled ..."

What They Believed In.

"Are your constituents in favor of war?"

"No," replied Senator Sorghum. "An they think it's the business of this country to take up arms and eliminate any nation that insists on having ..."

Mother—"Tommy, what do you tell Uncle Tite ..."

Tommy—"I never was so surprised in my life."

CHICAGO LEDGER

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By W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

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GENTLE JABS.

... everything except a ... head.

Warm weather is the best substitute for ...

Without doubt the best way to get rich quick is to go slow.

It is never too late to learn that you may be too previous.

Existence of friendship depends on the reciprocity of esteem.

... He drew ...

Your Kitchen in War Time

Hints for Housewives.

IF YOU wish to keep food in some receptacle that is minus a cover, the most can be kept out by slipping the container into a paper bag. This is comparable to placing a piece of paper over the top, as it cannot blow off.

If you find the shoe polish too dry for use a few drops of turpentine will restore its moisture.

Frequently father must ... otherwise perfectly good ... the worn cuffs and rubbed ... the collar. A little ... sprinkled on the cuffs and collar before ironing might readily camouflage the cast-off shirt into a serviceable ... for baby sister.

When making apple sauce for any of the various apple sauce cake recipes a soggy cake will be avoided if the apples are cooked without water.

If the blanket is getting thin for service, why not cover it with silkoline or cheese cloth and ruff it ... fortier? It will ... cover for spring or cool ... nights.

When washing ... avoid getting ... the grease to come off ... and it also makes the beater ... to turn.

In case the boiled custard curdles ... pour it into a cool dish and beat with an egg-beater till soon ... smooth as desired.

Corn Flour Parker House Rolls.

SCALD 1 cup milk. Soften 1 cake of yeast in ¼ cup lukewarm water and add to lukewarm milk (cooled after scalding). Stir in ¼ cups flour. Beat thoroly, cover and set aside to become light. Add ¼ cup shortening, ... spoon salt, ¼ tablespoon sugar ... corn flour and sufficient white flour to make a dough that can be kneaded. Knead until elastic and smooth. Put the dough into a slightly greased bowl, cover and set aside in a warm place to become doubled in bulk. Turn the dough upside down on lightly floured board, taking care not to break the surface of the dough. Roll ½ inch thick and cut into rounds. Score each round thru the center with back of knife, brush with melted fat and fold. Place close together in baking ...

Potatoes and Cheese.

ARRANGE a layer of sliced raw or boiled potatoes in a greased baking dish and sprinkle with grated cheese and a little flour. Repeat until dish is nearly full. Pour milk over the whole, about one-half cup to every three potatoes. Skim milk is good. Bake in a moderate oven until done. The length of time required depends upon whether the potatoes are raw or boiled and whether the baking dish used is deep or shallow. Boiled potatoes baked in a shallow dish will take only twenty minutes, ... potatoes in a deep dish may take ... hour and one-half hours.

Steamed Barley Pudding.

ONE egg, one cup molasses, one cup ... one teaspoon soda, three-quarter cup corn meal, one cup barley flour, one and one-quarter teaspoon salt, ... Beat egg, add ... dissolved in a little ... meal and barley flour, ... Add chopped raisins, and pour into well greased baking powder tins or popover cups. If the latter are used, cover each cup with a well greased saucer. Steam two hours ...

Bread Crumb Pancakes.

SOAK ... cups of bread crumbs in two ... milk till soft. Crumbs must ... when soft. Beat to a paste, ... tablespoon of butter melted and two eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately. Sift together 1 cup of flour, 2 teaspoons of baking powder and ½ teaspoon of salt. Mix all together, fry on hot greased griddle. Serve with maple syrup.

Bran Bread.

TWO cups bran, 2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon (rounded) soda, 1 teaspoon (rounded) cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon (rounded) salt. Mix together, add ½ cup molasses. ... This makes one loaf. Smooth the top of the dough with wet spoon before putting in the oven.

... is much better the following day. Keep wrapped in cloth, and ... moist and good as long as ...

A Meat Substitute.

TWO eggs, salt, one cup dried lima beans, pepper, one and one-half cups bread crumbs, one tablespoon bacon fat, one cup of milk, one egg slightly beaten. Wash and soak the beans over night. Cook until soft. Drain and rub thru a sieve. Add other ingredients, mix well, turn into a greased mold and bake in a moderate oven. Serve with white sauce or ...

Strawberry Whip.

PUT 1½ cups strawberry pulp, 1 egg white and ½ cup powdered sugar in mixing bowl and beat together about seventy-five times. The mixture should then be as light as foam. Pile lightly on a glass serving dish, chill and serve with custard.

Mock Clam Chowder.

BOIL as many potatoes as desired with one large onion (cut potatoes in dice or slice them), boil until soft, drain and add one quart of milk or less, according to size of family. Let come to a boil. Add butter size of an egg, salt and pepper to taste. Serve hot with oyster crackers.

Barley Pie Crust.

TWO cups barley flour, one-half teaspoon baking powder, one-quarter teaspoon ... Mix ... to a ... consistency. Roll out ... Bake in ... Delicious.

Apple and Cocoanut Salad.

PEEL, core and cut three tart apples ... add one saltspoon ... cocoanut and one-half cup of stoned ... Mix with ... dressing and serve in nests of ...

Horseradish.

PUT the horseradish roots thru fine ... knife of meat chopper and a little salt. ... Pack this into bottles loosely, then fill ... overflowing with pure wine vinegar. Seal tight.

Scalloped Salmon.

ON ... crumbs, one quart of milk, a little butter and salt. Make a fine dish of ... Make this ... you would ... scalloped oysters. Bake a nice brown ...

Stuffed Prunes.

WASH prunes ... carefully. Remove ... seeds, insert a blanched almond ...

Good Cookies Without Wheat.

... together ... baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon baking soda, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, ½ teaspoon cloves. Dredge in ¼ cup chopped raisins and ½ cup chopped peanuts. Add ½ cup cooking oil, 1 cup cooked oatmeal and ½ cup sour milk. Mix well and drop by teaspoon on greased tins. Bake 20 minutes or until they do not "sizz." Makes twenty-four cookies.

Cottage Cheese Salad.

ADD to 1 cupful of cottage cheese that has been mashed with sweet milk to moisten slightly, 1 slice of minced green pepper, salt to taste, 1 teaspoonful of chopped onion and 1 tablespoonful of chopped nutmeats. Form into balls and lay on lettuce leaves that have been dressed with the following: Mix for a ... cup, a saltspoonful of paprika, ½ teaspoonful of salt, a pinch of dry mustard, ... tablespoonfuls of ... tablespoonfuls of vinegar or ... Shake until slightly thickened.

Fish and Potato Balls.

SIX large potatoes and 1 pound of salt codfish. Pare potatoes and boil 20 minutes, then lay the fish in large pieces on top and boil until the potatoes are done. Remove the fish and potatoes together while hot. Butter size of a small egg, pepper and salt to taste; last, one egg well beaten. Or if you wish to economize, use whites of 2 eggs instead. Beat thoroly with a ... Shape into ... light and creamy, with a ... Drop into ... fat. Fry 2 or 3 minutes, turning them often. Delicious.

Asparagus Souffle

BOIL 1 quart of chopped asparagus (cut in inch pieces) until tender. Cook 1 cup of milk, 1 tablespoonful ... and 2 tablespoons of cornstarch until the mixture is thick and smooth. Then add the yolks of 2 eggs, well beaten. Add to the asparagus, season with salt and pepper and fold in the stiffly-beaten whites of the eggs. Put into a buttered baking dish and cook in a quick oven until delicately browned. Serve at once.

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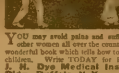

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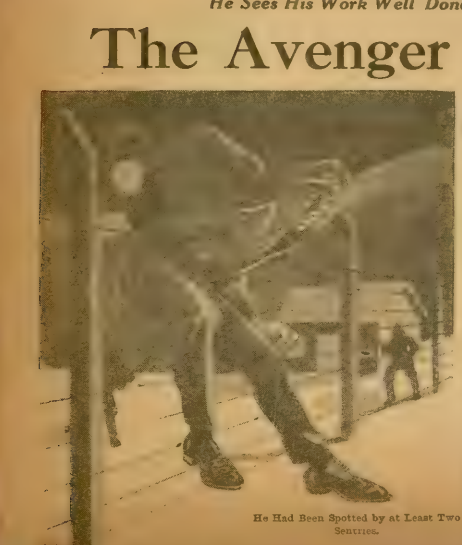
By Frank E. Channon



He Had Been Spotted by at Least Two Sentries.

Read This First!

A BRITISH destroyer has rescued the lamp-tender of the Helgoland light station from an overturned dory in the North Sea, and the authorities have held him prisoner with a view to finding some one enough like him to impersonate him and so act as a spy on that island. They find such a one in Allison Kerr, an American, who, despondent over the loss of his wife at sea thru the torpedoing of an Atlantic liner, courts death and a chance to smash back at the Huns by diving overboard at 1,500 yards from Helgoland and swimming the intervening distance to the island, where he succeeds in passing himself off as the missing lamp-tender. He has instructions to get in touch with another English spy on the island, known as Weiss. Making a survey of the island, Kerr observes signs of activity in the fleet. On the same day he and Weiss discover each other. That night they meet at the base of the island in a washout where they flash signals to a British patrol, conveying the information that, on the next night, a squadron of German destroyers will raid the British coast at Newcastle-on-Tyne.

The above will enable you to go on with this exciting story. Back copies containing the earlier chapters can be obtained from our agents or newsdealers or thru our office. The story began in Ledger No. 19, May 11th.

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THE day broke in lowering, stormy clouds, and the great fleet beneath the shadow of the rock wallowed to the leave of the gray rollers.

All day long Kerr, from his observation post at the tower, watched with keen interest the signs of activity in the fleet. A division had already proceeded to the open, and launches darted between many of those remaining in harbor. The last gleam of daylight showed him a squadron of destroyers forging out to the open, and behind them the imposing grim forms of the battleships, many dripped for action.

Two hours later, under the guidance of the light from his tower, four of Germany's latest battleships steamed majestically out, and following the destroyers, merged into the waste of rolled waters.

Then Kerr turned his duties over to his assistant, and for the first time in a week slept uninterruptedly thru the night.

Soon after noon on the morrow rumors of a naval fight became rife about the island. There had been no communication that day between Kerr and Weiss, but both spies waited with the keenest interest for first news from the fleet.

As the afternoon wore on heavy and fast-approaching firing was heard. Just after 3 o'clock a division of heavy battleships proceeded out at top speed.

Kerr [illegible] this fact that the raiding squadron had been engaged by the British and was fighting its way back. The last division of dreadnaughts [illegible] to support them.

At 4:30 smoke was visible close in. [illegible] a pall of smoke [illegible] blotting out everything.

An hour later a great cruiser loomed [illegible] of the [illegible] deliberately for the [illegible] pack. Tongues of red-yellow flame [illegible] wickedly from her after-deck [illegible] pillars of black smoke [illegible] poured up from her. Her after-funnel was a wreck, and she was listing heavily to starboard.

Kerr watched her grimly as she staggered in, a crowd of smaller boats swarming around her in assistance.

A protected cruiser and two large rich armored ones followed, all in a more [illegible] Half an hour later Heinrich burst into the lamp room at the summit of the tower. He was in a state of tremendous excitement.

"Gott strafe sie!" he ejaculated "The Breslin and Gottenberg have been sunk Those who were not killed have been drowned or captured. The——"

"What! How came it?" demanded Kerr, interrupting.

"They fell into a trap. Gott strafe England! They lured our ships on with their small boats, and then came on them suddenly in the mist with the battleships. Our ships were overwhelmed and almost caught. They had to fight their way back. The swiftest escaped, but some were set afire and lost heavily. The Breslin and Gottenberg were too slow and were sunk."

Kerr's heart beat fast at the recital of the German disaster. He—he and his fellow spy—had done this. They two alone had brought this hornet's nest about the ears of the German fleet. The first real spasm of the joy of living and doing pulsated thru him—the first since he stood on the quay at Hastings and knew that the deep had swallowed up his wife. Heretofore he had sought only some means of exit from his prison, some appealing exit from this life. Now for the first time came the desire to live —to live and to strike again. The triumph of the primitive man in the flush of victory over his fellows raced thru his blood. He had won—won the first trick! "Gott strafe England!" By G—d, he had been able to punish Germany—Germany, the home of the Huns, the Huns who slew his wife. Now for more, more punishment on her vile head. They killed his wife. Ah, he was getting back at them.

He turned upward, flushed with his thought of triumph, and watched Heinrich going moodily about his task of cleaning the cage. The man was hit, hard but he had failed for the fiend to come back triumphant in victory, and it had sunk back, a battered, defeated [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

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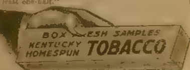

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WAR! ...

out of sight, he partially retraced his steps, then turned off to the left, and soon stood at the summit of the long flight of stairs that led to the Unterland sands.

In daylight the way to the descent was left unguarded, but now he found his path stopped by a double patrol. He was immediately challenged, but the protection of his light station badge and a glib lie that he was going to buoy-mark a section of the harbor for tower illumination, passed him thru, and he stood a few minutes later on the smooth sands beneath.

Three ... away on his right ... was now showing as large as a square blackboard. He crept cautiously toward it, slinking along with his left hand almost touching the base of the cliffs.

Concealed there by the black shadow, he gazed out to sea.

The harbor was brilliantly illuminated by the full moon, the grim outlines of the fighting ships standing out black and ominous in the silver light. The waves lapped insipidly on the slow, shelving shore.

But Kerr had small eyes for these things. His gaze was fixed upon the beams of light that now shone from the open window of a large inner guard-box in the Zeppelin inclosure. At regular intervals the black form of a sentry passed between the spy and the hut.

Still Kerr crept closer and yet closer in. Now he could almost catch the tones of voices coming from the hut, and once as he watched, he saw the form of a tall man arise and stride hastily across the room.

The northern line of the inclosure was well within the shadow cast by the cliffs; a bare half of the east and west lines also came beneath that protecting shadow.

"It's barbed, but no current on," cogitated the spy. "I can mount it and get thru if I'm not spotted."

He drew a bee-line on the sentry. Watched him reach and pass the point, and then leaped to his feet and sped with all his speed on a straight course for the nearest point of the fence.

He reached it and cast himself prone, lying perfectly still, listening. All was dark. He had been unseen. No searchlight sought after him. His keen ears caught the departing footfalls of the sentry, still going. Like a flash he was up and climbing over the ten-foot fence. ... haste he tore his hands but ... the top and was already dropping off inside ... [illegible]

It ha... [illegible] seconds ... Things might easily have gone differently had the sentry turned his head.

He lay perfectly still, flat on the sands, and waited while the man passed by him and went off on the counter-beat. Then he wriggled away, heading towards the open window of that hut, from which the light now shone brightly, and whence came the sound of voices.

Now he commenced to catch some words. The rustle of paper came to him, and the fumes of a rank pipe drifted across his face. He scarcely breathed as he flattened his body against the battened side of the hut immediately beneath the window.

". . . . ——night," was the first word of which he was sure. Then a deep voice swore. A milder-toned one said something, but the listener was unable to hear what. The voice that had sworn asserted. "Six minutes is best, slowest division first—— all . . . rendezvous there."

"Dear Gott, where?" prayed Kerr inaudibly, listening tensely, with ear pressed close below the window.

". . . Too far north," warned a new voice. "Better take the second base . . . seventy minutes away, second division."

There was a confusion of words, many talking at the same time, and from the medley Kerr was unable to gather anything. Then suddenly the deep voice boomed out again, as if announcing especially for the benefit of the eavesdropper outside: "The ... then."

"What ... from the Shields to Newcastle?" demanded a clear, new voice.

"Ten flat for the fast divisions."

Many voices spoke again altogether, and from the confusion Kerr got but little. Finally that deep voice announced again: "Now, gentlemen, you all understand? Take your instructions for your junior captains in writing." A momentary pause, then as if dictating to a [illegible] ... Zeppelin ... [illegible] ... All rendezvous before ... ridge."

"We'll have all day in which to tune up again, then," suggested the mellow voice.

"You will. At midnight, twenty-four hours later, leave ridge in two arranged divisions. The attack on the two Shields to precede attack on Newcastle by seventeen minutes. Signal flared torch dropped on South Shields is time of start taken by second division. Have ... got that down?" briefly concluded the voice. A pause; then: "Home ..."

thought Kerr, as he crawled away for the barbed wire fence.

He reached it, with the noise of the meeting adjourning behind him. He waited his time, started the climb, and had just reached the top of the fence when he was almost blinded by a dazzling glare of light. It swept past him like a blaze of summer lightning; followed the fence along and picked up the entrance to Harbor Station No. 1, settling there.

But its passing illumination had done the mischief for Kerr. For a brief instant he had stood out like a blot of ink on a sheet of foolscap. He had been spotted by at least two sentries.

The next second he felt the wind of flying lead, and two "ping-pings" came to him in rapid succession.

He was over the top by this time and, springing clear, leaped the ten feet. He landed crumpled up at the bottom, but was up in an instant and away like a scared rabbit.

There was small time for consideration, but his second's reasoning told him it was useless to make for the stone steps and try for the Oberland that way. The sentries there would have the alarm and he would be nabbed. He turned sharply to the right and darted for the cover of the cliffs. As he raced he heard the shrill notes of a bugle sound above him.

His position was desperate. Cut off from his retreat above, he was isolated on the sands of the Unterland, with the cliffs at his back, and the surf in front and on either side. Instant action was demanded. He hesitated not a second. There was one chance!

He sprinted at top speed for the far end of the beach; met the incoming tide, waded out till he was clear of the breakers and felt the lift of the rollers beneath him; then struck out with the tide breaking on his left.

Behind him in rapid succession he heard two reports, a scattering volley, and then all seemed quiet. But up and down the sandy beach the searchlight groped back and forth.

In long, powerful strokes the American pulled away, keeping in as close as he dared to the white line of breakers booming on his left.

Above, far above him, towered the gaunt, forbidding cliffs of the Oberland. He was seriously hampered by his wet, ... waterlogged boots ... Kerr of ... [illegible] tection.

Immediately upon the alarm he had realized that the only way out was by swimming around the coast and making his landing at some point under the cliffs, trusting to luck as to getting up. His usual rendezvous on the shingles had been in his mind, but how he was going to ascend after reaching it was a question he had not yet solved. His rope he had been careful to remove and take with him on the occasion of each visit. To climb unaided would be impossible. Still, there was at least a temporary refuge there.

"It's millions against any one recognizing me tonight," he cogitated. "If I can only get back and get some dry duds on without being spotted, I'm all right. It must be an hour after midnight now."

He was slowly nearing the eastern end of the island. The gentle northeast breeze blew the salt spray in his face, and ... met the tide running in strongly. He changed his stroke to an overhead one, and fought his way around.

Everything on the rock appeared to be peaceful. Scarcely a sound now came to his ears; all alarm had died away.

Far off a slowly sweeping, groping searchlight showed where a patrol boat lurked on guard. Kerr edged in toward the line of surf as the cliffs loomed higher above him. He felt he was nearing the secret meeting-place. The brilliant moonlight illuminated the face of the cliffs, their gaunt outlines standing out bleak and bare in its mellow radiance.

He swam slowly on, uncertain just where to make his landing. According to his reckonings he was now about opposite the rendezvous. He swam in close, and let himself go on the incoming tide. A moment later it left him stranded in a pool of salt water and seaweed.

He had judged it well. Not fifty feet away he recognized his landmarks. A booming breaker picked him up and ... him down again, but he reached the shingled strip of beach beneath the overhang of the cliffs, and drawing him... [illegible] ... to get back immediately to his quarters and change his clothes was the problem confronting him.

He scanned the towering cliffs above him, biting his lips. It was impossible. There was not a single chance of his being able to climb it unaided. Things began to look black for the spy. If he could not report at 6 a. m. at the light station for duty, there would be questions to be answered. For all he knew his absence had already been discovered. He ...

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within a yard of where he was standing. He leaped back involuntarily. Instinct told him to seek cover flat up against the cliff.

Who was up there?

Whoever it was, he was coming down, for Kerr heard the scrambling of his boots against the side, and the rope wriggled and jerked.

The muscles of the American stiffened, [illegible] for all eventualities.

A moment later the form of the descending man loomed up in the moonlight. Scarcely daring to breathe, he [illegible] his retreat.

[illegible] descended. Now his feet touched the shingles, and Kerr almost shouted with suppressed joy, as his eyes fell on the figure of his cooperator Weiss.

"Hist!" he breathed.

Weiss leaped back and whipped a short-bladed knife from his belt, but with a low-toned password, Kerr reassured him.

"Bah Jove, you jolly well startled me, old man," confessed the Englishman.

"You had me guessing, too," admitted Kerr. "How is it above, all clear? I want to get back right away. Listen."

In a few words he placed his companion in possession of the salient points of the night's adventure.

Weiss wasted no words in congratulations on Kerr's escape, but dove at once to the subject of the information acquired: "In luck, bah Jove," he whispered. "That fits in exactly with what I have. I was going to try to get our chaps tonight. It's beastly late, and they've probably come in and gone out again, but it's worth the try. Old chap, if we can only get it to them in time, what a jolly warm reception the beggars will get."

"Tomorrow midnight," mused Kerr. "Well, it might be in time if we got it off tomorrow night, then."

"Cutting it too bally fine. Come, let's try it now, old man."

They hurried to their shelter and commenced to rig up the flash apparatus, meanwhile comparing their dangerously-bought information.

"Keep your eye on the point," warned Weiss. "I'm ready; lower the sacking."

Thus they waited, conversing in whispers, each with his eye fixed on the moaning, moonlit waters.

"If they come in at all tonight for the [illegible] it'll be after [illegible] down now [illegible]."

[illegible] admitted Kerr. "But the [illegible] the candle. It'll be a grand [illegible] this time [illegible] of the racket down [illegible] tonight?"

"No [illegible] I slept until midnight and then cut for this crib. I tried to get in touch with you, but couldn't."

"What do you think of the Farn Island dope? They have a permanent base there, it seems."

"Yes, but I couldn't get onto whether they had a sub base there, too. Did you understand they had?"

"No, I got nothing along that line; only the aircraft."

"By G—d, that's enough. They [illegible]"

"There—there, they come! Quick!"

Kerr whipped back the sack.

"Click, click-click-click—click, click, click—click," went the Britisher's instrument, in rapid work, as he talked to the blood-red pin point afar off.

It was all over in less than two minutes, and with a comprehending wink, the pin point lost itself in the night.

Both men drew long breaths, and worked feverishly at covering up their tracks. In another three minutes they stood beneath the rope.

"You up first, Rheinhard," urged the Englishman, "and get your togs changed. Good luck, old man."

He boosted Kerr up, and the American struggled slowly up out of sight into the night.

When the steadying of the rope told him his companion had reached the summit, Weiss immediately commenced the [illegible]

The moon had gone down. It was black as sin, in contrast with the late brilliance.

It was fortunate for Kerr the moon had dipped, for in his dripping condition it would have been difficult to have passed the sentries without exciting suspicion.

As it was, he made the shelter of his bunk without mishap, and carefully concealing his sodden garments under his berth, tried to sleep. There was small time for that, however, for by the time he had closed his eyes it was daybreak, and he was due at the lamproom to relieve Heinrich.

His apprehensions were somewhat aroused as, passing Weiss' cot, he noted it had been unoccupied. It was evident the Englishman had not returned. For a moment Kerr had a wild idea of making his way toward the cliff and ascertaining if for any reason his companion had been unable to make the ascent, but the utter impossibility of successfully doing this in daylight was borne home to him, and he turned toward the lamproom.

But where was Weiss?

As soon as Heinrich was gone, the American spread out his still damp uniform in the glare of the [illegible], and very shortly it was ready to be donned. Still the thought haunted him: Where was Weiss? Had anything gone amiss with the Britisher? Had he been caught red-handed from the shingles?

Below Kerr the island slumbered, peaceful and quiet in the warm sunshine. Only the grim warships in the roadstead, and the inquiring noses of the great guns betokened that war was abroad. Had Weiss been caught? It was getting on his nerves. He dared not leave his post at the tower, yet he felt that he must get news of the Englishman. He scanned every figure around or passing the tower, but the tall form of the British spy was not amongst them.

The bells below rang out the hours and half-hours. Noon came, but still Kerr watched on in solitary silence for some sign of Weiss.

The sign came with startling and dramatic suddenness.

From one of the underground burrows there emerged into view a little party—a platoon of gray-coated marines, grouped about a tall, central figure, that walked with manacled hands. In an instant Kerr had his glasses focused upon the group. Instinctively he felt who it was.

"Good G—d," he groaned, "Weiss!"

The Englishman walked nonchalantly, carrying his head high. The party came within a stone's throw of the tower, passed, and descended into the Commandant's office 300 yards away.

"Good G—d, Weiss!" repeated the American.

He slumped into his chair, for the moment crushed. The next instant he was himself again. "Wonder what they've got on him?" was his next thought. "He's game to the core, and there'll be no squealing. I'm not touched unless they've stalked us both."

He kept his eyes almost glued to the entrance where the Englishman and his guards had disappeared, but [illegible] Weiss [illegible] the [illegible] jackets entered and returned, but no Weiss.

[illegible] "They'll get nothing on me if I'm pinched."

There was little enough for him to cover up. The rope was the most damning bit of evidence. His uniform was completely dry, and he creased it into shape as well as possible. He had made a number of sketches, but these, if unearthed, would meant little or nothing in the way of evidence against him, being cleverly worked in with letters supposed to have been received from his relatives in Hamburg and the Norderney Isles. If the rendezvous on the shingles had been raided, there would be nothing to connect him with it. Only the rope was dangerous. He had used Weiss' for his last ascent; his own lay in his locker in the bunkroom. He would get away with that rope as soon as Heinrich relieved him.

Luck was with him. Heinrich arrived at two bells, promptly. The helper said nothing regarding Weiss' arrest, and Kerr was careful not to give the slightest hint that he had observed anything.

He went down at once to the basement. Not a soul was about. He made a hasty survey to make sure of this, and then opened his locker, stuffed his coil of rope inside his tunic, and sauntered from the room. It had been difficult enough to get his voucher from the quartermaster's department. Only a well-lied story that it was needed to support a swinging seat in painting the outside of the tower had enabled him to get the requisition thru at all; but now the worn and frayed rope told too plainly a story of jagged rocks and salt water for Kerr to wish it to fall into inquiring hands. He hated to part with the precious coil, but it was too dangerous a bit of evidence to keep. The almost full moon was again making the night light as day. He commenced positively to abhor its round, yellow face.

He knew a place on the north [illegible] where the cliffs fell almost sheer [illegible] for the entire drop—an absolutely unscalable point. It was within half an hour of full tide. He would worm his way along, and send his rope hurling into the breakers. It would very likely be carried out, or, in any case, it would be impossible to connect him with it once he had got rid of it.

He followed out this programme, and safely, so far as he knew. Then he turned to the quarters, and sat down among the men who had gathered there.

A silence fell on them as he entered. Kerr was not popular with them. He crawled off into a corner, and pulling a copy of the Hamburger Post from his pocket, made a pretense of reading. One by one the men forgot his presence, and conversation was resumed. Their remarks took a wide range. Between the words they spat and sent blue clouds of smoke into the air, while the watcher in his corner apparently read and dozed.

The name Weiss presently caught his ears. A low-toned conversation followed. The spy could only catch a word here and there, but these confirmed what he already knew. Weiss had been apprehended last night—caught apparently about ten minutes after Kerr had left him. The charge of spying had been [illegible] held no one knew. Many of the men were incredulous. Weiss had been [illegible] popular among them, and the consensus of [illegible] huge mistake. Weiss would be able to clear himself. Meanwhile the facts were as Kerr had suspected: Weiss was held and would be tried immediately, probably tomorrow, by military court.

There was other talk, too. It was common news that a big aerial raid was to be made on some part of the east English coast. It was an attack to be made on a vast scale, and big results were anticipated. The sky fighters were off that very night. There had been a complete shutdown over the quarters of both the Zeppelins and 'planes; not a soul was permitted within a stone's throw of either lines.

Kerr crawled into his cot and fell to thinking. Knowing what he did, he could see little hope for Weiss. He wondered just how much they had on the Englishman. Unless they had caught him red handed as he came up the rope, it was unlikely they had much evidence in black and white. Weiss, too, had been exceedingly clever in the method he had pursued in this line. A few [illegible] concealed in the sands at the extreme rear of the cave. No one would ever think of going over the cliff at that particular point. Why should they? No; the only evidence they were likely to have against Weiss was in the way they had caught him, and, of course, if they had nipped him as he came up the rope, why, the jig was up. Still, even at that, Kerr would not be involved.

He fell asleep over his calculations, and when he woke it was light, and the rain was beating against the skylight. He glanced at his big silver timepiece [illegible] :35. He hurried into his uniform [illegible] in the mess room, and [illegible] Heinrich. As he entered the room [illegible] in civilian [illegible] face.

"Who was that fellow [illegible] the American, as he greeted his [illegible]

"I don't know," was the reply. "I never saw him before. He's not from around the station, but he showed a commandant's pass. He's been here for over an hour looking over things. Inspector, I think, or something of that sort."

"Um," muttered Kerr, and eyed his helper closely.

"All the fliers gone," continued Heinrich. "Nearly all," he corrected himself a moment later.

"So?"

"Must have gone last night; the park's empty now; so are most of the hangars. Last evening the comrades [illegible] they were off, and the news was true. Mr. Bull will get a wigging soon, you may be sure."

Kerr was busy getting ready to assume charge. "All right," he announced a moment later. "You may go, Heinrich."

The man looked at him a moment, hesitated, and then left the room. Kerr heard his lessening footfalls as he descended. Then he locked the door and commenced a careful examination of the room.

Death—the thing Kerr had sought—was now at hand. But somehow Kerr no longer wished to die. Much less did Weiss. If you love a spectacular finish against big odds, be in for the final installment of the Avenger's story in next week's Ledger.

❦ ❦ ❦

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[illegible] And what was his wife [illegible]

[illegible] Czarina, two or three ventured.

[illegible] said the teacher. "Now, I wonder if you know what the Czar's children were called."

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Jim's Girl Makes a Sacrifice

By Flora A. Monty

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"IF I GET set up this fall, we can be married, Em." Jim grinned in happy anticipation, and swung himself onto the stool.

At his words, Emily turned the faucet so suddenly that the coffee splashed over the cup and wasted itself in a pool on the counter. Absently she sopped up the drip with a corner of her apron.

"Jimmie!" The girl's eyes unveiled a pent-up yearning for the picture that Jim's speech unrolled before her.

[illegible] fumblingly set the cup before him, Jim's big rough fingers covered hers with awkward tenderness. "Listens kinda good, [illegible]" he said.

Emily did not withdraw her hand. The lunch room was empty save for them. "Jimmie?" she breathed in question. "Aw, you're jokin'," she ended, her eyes shadowing again with a look too tired for a girl of twenty.

Jim's left hand fumbled in his vest pocket, and brought out a purple box. He pressed the little spring, and bestowed his gift upon his girl.

"That's how much I'm jokin', Em. Like it?" There was an anxious note in his voice as Emily drew the ring from its velvet bed. The love in her eyes magnified the flame of the tiny stone until it seemed as big as Jim's pride would have it be.

"Like it! Why, Jimmie Regan, you shouldn't never have got it! It's much [illegible] for me. Like it——!" Threaten[illegible]

"[illegible]'s too fine for you, kid," said Jim, as [illegible] mastery he reached out and [illegible] Emily's small head toward him. Across the counter he kissed his promised [illegible]. There had been other kisses [illegible]nally, in a dark corner on a boat [illegible] or coming home from a dance, [illegible] had been lightly given and [illegible] little. But with this betrothal [illegible] the knowledge that the other [illegible] they [illegible]

[illegible]

"Oh, Jimmie, neither could I to near it," confessed Emily. "[illegible]

Ain't it nice, tho?" she queried with a happy smile.

[illegible]

[illegible] laughed happily. "Why, Jim[illegible] you ain't said it in words yet—[illegible] say you want us to get married."

Jim laid both hands on the counter, and smiled a big, crooked, endearing smile straight at Emily, into her timid, worshiping eyes, down to the very heart of her.

"Gee, kid, I haven't, have I? But you know it, Em. You know I love you. I've [illegible] strong for you ever since you came. You—you're sweet."

Emily sighed in radiant satisfaction. "You know how I feel about you, Jimmie," she fluttered. "It—it's a long time till fall, ain't it?"

Jim sobered instantly. "You bet it's a long time, Em. It may be longer'n that, if I don't get set up."

"Who's ahead of you, Jim?"

"There's three. Rice and Sanner and Blaney. They'll call three men in for examination, anyway—might be four, but not much chance."

"If they only call three, then you can't be set up this fall, can you?"

"Well," Jim deliberated, then spoke in lowered tones. "It's like this, Em. Blaney's still a-drinkin'—not much, you know. He's a good fellow, Rob is—done me more'n one good turn—but he likes his booze now 'n' then. He's got a couple of marks against him already, and if he gets called up on the carpet again, he's done for."

"Done for! Do you mean he wouldn't get set up, and you'd get your chance, Jimmie?" Emily clutched his sleeve eagerly.

"No, he wouldn't get set up, an' it'd be worse than that. He'd be fired. I'd hate to get my boost on Rob's knockout," was the man's reply.

"But," began Emily. "But, Jimmie, it'd mean—everything. Nobody wouldn't be takin' chances, with you runnin' an engine, an' they would with him." Emily's face was pale, and her scrawny fingers twisted the corner of her apron till the sopped coffee dribbled out like bitter tears.

Jim patted her shoulder as he rose from the corner. In deep thought he turned up the corners of his soft collar and settled his tie.

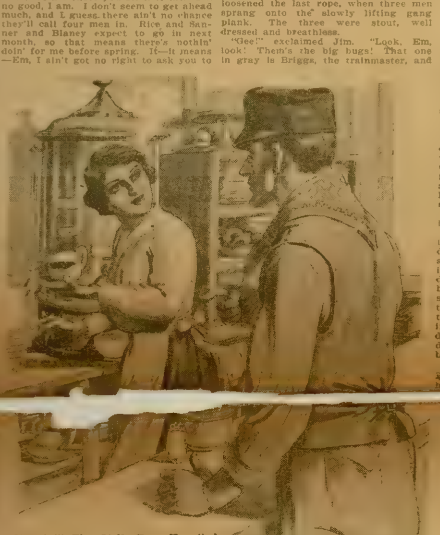
"Lord, Em," he sighed, "it's tough, ain't it? You and me, and a little home—gee."

"Yes, it's tough, ain't it?" agreed Emily, [illegible] took his departure.

[illegible]mmer was drifting by with the lilting and evanescent sweetness that summer evenings bring for lovers. To Emily, life glowed like the sun, and, like the sun, seemed at times unattainable and distant. But it was there—life was there—with Jimmie, tho the cloudy days recurred to make it seem obscure. She tried to clutch it to her, but as August waned the little home seemed to be receding.

[illegible] Jim was [illegible]

"Gee, Em," he said, as he cuddled her into the curve of his big arm, one evening. "Gee, it's a wonder you stick to me. I'm no good, I am. I don't seem to get ahead much, and I guess there ain't no chance they'll call four men in. Rice and Sanner and Blaney expect to go in next month, so that means there's nothin' doin' for me before spring. It—it means—Em, I ain't got no right to ask you to



"Jimmie!" The Girl's Eyes Unveiled a Pent-up Yearning.

keep on waitin' for me." Jim's arms closed tightly around his sweetheart. "But, O, Em, if you'll do it, I'll make it up to you some day. I love you so."

Emily's hand caressed him. "Jimmie, dear," she whispered, "I'd wait forever—and—and maybe they'll something turn up to bring things right."

"Maybe they will, kid. O, Em—my [illegible] my girl."

Big men can be unbelievably tender or unbelievably cruel. Jim was the sort of big man who never could be cruel. His manhood and fineness and reverence for the good he had received, were supreme at this moment, and his kiss was a benediction.

The Friday following was a busy day at the lunch counter. Emily served her customers and exchanged gay bits of raillery with the men as she deftly met their needs.

A handsome young roysterer burst into the lunch room with a shout of greeting to those already there.

"Rustle me coffee and sinkers, Em," he ordered. "[illegible] off to Verring on the 2:[illegible]."

"Oh, ain't you goin' to the boat excursion?" asked Emily as she set the food before him.

"Ain't we, tho?" he answered. "We'll get on at Verring. Goin' over to get started right. Last excursion of the season, you know. Got to do it up brown. Don't suppose we can take Jim along?" he bantered.

"Jim's goin' with me, Mr. Blaney," was the prim reply.

"Well, if I had a girl here like you, I'd stay, too; but she's back East, and—well, see you and Jim when the boat lands at Verring," he called, as he dashed for the train which would take him across the river.

"Blaney and the boys is goin' to tank up, sure," remarked one of the remaining men.

"Yes, they'll be feelin' their oats when they get on," agreed another.

"Why!" gasped Emily. "Why, are they goin' to drink?"

"Are they? Well you just watch Bob. It'll be his last spree for a while, and he'll make it a good one. But, Lord, what the difference? Bob's a good fellow."

"Ye-es, he is," conceded Emily, grudgingly.

* * * * * * *

The calliope shrilled its noisy mu[illegible] and coaxed the loitering excursionists to hurry. Emily and Jim were among the first comers, and had obtained seats of vantage, from which they could enjoy the rush of those who had dallied.

The ticket box had been carried out from the shore. A roustabout had loosened the last rope, when three men sprang onto the slowly lifting gang plank. The three were stout, well dressed and breathless.

"Gee!" exclaimed Jim. "Look, Em, look! Them's the big bugs! That one in gray is Briggs, the trainmaster, and the one in blue is Graham, master mechanic. The baldhead's Rush, the superintendent of the L. & R. division. Gee, I bet there won't be no drinkin' among the boys tonight."

"Why not?" demanded Emily with interest.

"Never was a better chance for a feller to get fired," he replied. "I bet some one put the big guys wise to the drinkin' on these excursions. They must've come in on No. 6. Pretty slick to keep out of sight and wait till the last minute to get on. They're liable to ketch some one that way."

"Oh!" A tiny thought seeped up from the depths [illegible] Emily's mind. It grew with vicious haste. It crowded out all else. "'They're liable to ketch some one that way.' Some one! Blaney! With Blaney caught, it meant Jim's chance. Jim's chance meant [illegible]" She shut her eyes and strove to stop her trembling.

"Jim, let's dance," she urged.

"Sure, kid, I was just goin' to ask you," he laughed. But as they romped away in a fox-trot, the picture followed Emily, and tempted and taunted her by turns.

"Get me out of here," she pleaded, and in alarm, Jim took her to the deck. She settled back in her chair, and drew deep breaths of the clear crisp air.

The boat was landing at Wyman. The big wheel lashed and churned the waves as the steamer turned and headed for the dock. The rising moon touched the foam, and in it, Emily thought she could see Blaney's face—Blaney drunk, and fired. Blaney, cast down, for Jim and her. And out of the silence her heart repeated what Jim had once said:

"He's done me more'n one good turn. I'd hate to get my boost on his knockout."

"Jimmie!"

"Yes, kid."

"Jimmie, kiss me. I don't care who's lookin'. Kiss me, Jimmie."

"You bet." Jim's kiss was tender, but anxious, as he wondered at the unusual command.

"Oh, I can't let him do it," she moaned. "Jim, how long does the boat stay at Wyman?"

"Why, till the crowd gets on, Em. 'Bout ten minutes, I suppose. Why?"

"Jim, Blaney and some of the boys are at Verring. They're goin' to get on the boat, and they'll be drunk. They planned to. The big bugs——" Emily subsided in tears.

"Lord, Em! What'll we do?" Jim thought a moment, then sprang to his feet. "You wait here."

She saw him dash his way thru the crowd, and down the gang plank toward the nearest store. "Oh, Lord, make him in time," she breathed. And as he sprang aboard at the last minute, his face told her he had been successful.

"Got him," he announced in triumph. "Lord, but that was a close shave. I called up Ryan's saloon, 'cause that's where he usually makes for. He wasn't so drunk but he knew what it'd mean for him to come on the boat tonight. He and the fellows'll get a launch back home. Gee, I'm glad we made it. It means a lot to Rob."

"Yes, it means a lot," assented Emily, listlessly.

The last excursion of the season was lacking in something. The sprightly dancers seemed impelled by desperate and futile desire to lay hold of the fleeting joys of the moment. Out by the deck rails, or in the shadows of the lifeboats, sundry couples sat in drooping silence. So thought Jim and Emily, for they gazed at every one's happiness thru the thickened veil of their own retreating hopes. The knowledge of what they did for Bob, failed to satisfy. They danced no more that night, and talked but little.

Before they parted at the door of Emily's room, Jim lifted her against his heart. "Em, you're mighty awe[illegible] your[illegible] done that for a fellow like Rob."

Closer against his heart pressed Emily. "Oh, Jimmie, Jimmie, dear, I done it just for you, and—and—it hurts so, Jimmie. But maybe things'll come right for us."

"Maybe they will, kid."

A week passed by, then another. Across the counter in the lunch room, Jim leaned toward his girl, one day.

"You're goin' to quit, soon, kid," he exulted. "Got to be gettin' that house ready for your old man." He stilled the trembling of the little palms within his own.

"Jimmie! Jimmie!" The timid words were vibrant.

"Things've come right for us, Em. I'm called in with the others, and it's all on your account kid."

"Mine, Jimmie? How?" Emily was radiant.

"Blaney and me had a talk about that deal the night of the excursion. He's pretty grateful. I was tellin' him 'bout how you used your head and got me to send him word. Gee, that touched him! He's got a girl back East. What does he do but call for his time and ask for a clearance, and he lit out for home. Says it's him for a job near the girl who can keep him straight. So now I'll get set up."

Sudden tears started in Emily's eyes. "Oh, Jimmie, ain't it grand?"

"You bet it is. Oh, Em, my girl!"

* * *

The Crustaceous Briton.

THE Britisher is just as warm-hearted and kindly and friendly as we are, but he must be operated on with a full kit of tools before one finds it out.

Not long ago a young officer was riding along on the British front. He had just heard that his favorite brother-in-law was located in some unknown village near by.

He was quite "bucked up" about it—because this was a real brother-in-law. He regaled his companion with stories of the brother-in-law's youth. He met friends and asked where the beloved brother-in-law might be found. By and by we ran across the brother-in-law, standing knee-deep in mud in a particularly destroyed village. This is precisely what they called to each other:

"Fancy finding you here, old top!"

"Ripping, isn't it? Come along and have a peg."

They spoke to each other casually in the course of lunch and reluctantly emitted various bits of information, and when they parted they just shook hands.

The brother-in-law did put his hand on the other fellow's shoulder for a moment, but that was because he had lived in America for some years and his defenses were somewhat broken down.

Instant Bunion Relief

Prove It FREE

Just like the touch of the fairy's wand, FAIRYFOOT banishes the pain and inflammation INSTANTLY. They disappear like magic. It absorbs and draws [illegible] lated layers of cartilage which really make the bunion, thus reducing the enlargement and restoring the deformed foot to its healthy, normal size.

Wonderful—yes. And it costs you nothing to find out. **Don't send me one cent—just let me prove it to you** as I have proved it to over 72,500 others in the last six months. I claim to have the most successful remedy for bunions ever made and I want you to let me send you my FAIRYFOOT treatment FREE. I don't care how many so-called cures, or shields you ever tried without success—I don't care how disgusted you are with them all—you have not tried my remedy and I have such absolute confidence in it that **I am going to send it to you just for the asking. Send no money—only coupon or post card.**

FAIRYFOOT

is a wonderful yet simple home remedy; it removes the cause of the bunion and therefore the unnatural enlargement of the joint disappears—your foot resumes its natural shape and the pain also is gone—all this while you are wearing as tight shoes as ever

Surely you will not let this opportunity pass to get rid of that ugly, painful, distressing deformity. When I say "Try FAIRYFOOT at my expense", I mean it. All you are asked to send is the coupon. That will bring the free treatment. I want you to have it because I know that when you have found what FAIRYFOOT does, you will tell your friends about it. Most of our business comes in this way. People are so glad to have found such quick relief that they spread the good news everywhere. That is why I can afford to send out these free treatments.

Send the Coupon Today for Free Treatment

Read the testimonials in this ad. See what FAIRYFOOT has done for others. Thousands and thousands of grateful users praise this amazing remedy. And you will do the same once you have tried it. Sit down right now and sign the coupon. Get it into the mail. Don't suffer any longer while this free offer holds good. Remember—not a penny to send, and no obligation or promise on your part except to use it as directed. Just the coupon, or you may send us your name and address on a post card—today.

FOOT REMEDY CO., 3590 W. 26th St., Chicago, Ill.

Fairyfoot Accomplishes Wonders

I [illegible] I can't find words in the English dictionary that [illegible] to praise the wonderful work which Fairyfoot has done for me. I am very pleased with the remarkable results. Thanking you kindly, I am, Sincerely,
MRS. E. WEBER, 236 W. 52nd St., New York City

Conquered the Pain Instantly

I wish to thank you for the relief I have had from your treatment. I am an elderly lady and have been troubled with bunions nearly all my life and am glad to say that from the time I began using your Fairyfoot I have never had a pain. Shall surely recommend them to everyone I know troubled with bunions. Yours sincerely,
MRS. SCOTT, 6429 Wade Ave., St. Louis, Mo

After All Others Failed

You can use my name as much as you like in praise of Fairyfoot for they are the very best thing I have found yet and I have tried everything. The soreness is all gone and the swelling nearly gone. I shall tell all my friends for I am so well pleased with it. Wishing you the best of success, I am, Yours respectfully,

[illegible]

I am very much pleased with your Fairyfoot. My feet feel fine. The foot that was all inflamed is entirely cured if you wish to publish my testimonial, I will be satisfied
Yours sincerely,
AGNES SIEGLER, 418 Reed St., Philadelphia, Pa

Reduced Unsightly Enlargements

Every word you say in regard to Fairyfoot is truth. My bunions were very much inflamed and enlarged, could not wear shoes with comfort, used Fairyfoot and now can walk with ease.
GERTRUDE A. KOSER,
[illegible] N. 3rd St., Harrisburg, Pa.

Now Walks With Ease and Comfort

I just wish to let you know in a few words, that [illegible] Fairyfoot is a wonder. My bunions were of more than fifteen [illegible] standing and I suffered agony winter and summer until I started to use your Fairyfoot.
My foot is now once more restored and I walk around with perfect ease and comfort. You can use my name as much as you like as a testimonial, as I can certify to the good your Fairyfoot has done me.
Wishing you success, I am, Sincerely yours
C. W. PAULK, Sellers, Ala., R. F. D. No. 1

No Other Remedy So Effective

In regard to your Fairyfoot, I wish to state that they are the finest things I have ever seen. I will state that my [illegible] so bad I could not even wear a shoe and there was a bunion on it nearly to the bone. Now I can wear my shoe as [illegible] do not feel the bunion. You may use my name if you wish and if anyone doubts it, I will gladly answer any letters sent to me as I cannot recommend them too highly. Thanking you for the relief I have had, I remain,
Yours very truly,
B. T. MARSHALL, 1 N. T. C. R. R.
Louisiana St., Buffalo, N. Y.

So It Is Highly Appreciated

I will just drop you a few lines to tell you I have been wonderfully relieved since I used the Fairyfoot you sent me. Many, many thanks. I shall tell all my friends. I certainly do appreciate your remedy. With best regards, I remain,
Yours truly,
MRS. F. W. WILLISON, 9 S. Liberty St., Cumberland, Md.

Excruciating Agonies Relieved

Your Fairyfoot is a wonder. My bunion has troubled me for eight years. I suffered agony and was almost crippled, but thanks to Fairyfoot, the pain has entirely gone and the bunion is much reduced in size.
Faithfully yours,
NELLIE FINSON, [illegible] 3rd Ave., Astoria, L. I., N. Y.

FREE FAIRYFOOT COUPON

FOOT REMEDY CO.
3590 W. 26th St., Chicago, Ill.

I [illegible] ter to send FAIRYFOOT free so that [illegible] without obligation what wonderful power it has to relieve me from bunions. I

Christopher Poe, Seeking Rest, Is Compelled to Solve a Most Perplexing Crime

A BAFFLING BLOW

By Robert Carlton Brown

THE 12:32 train drew in at the little village of Sheogan over half an hour late.

"Pretty near on time," remarked the station agent, surveying the long, dusty platform and holding his mouth open in surprise as he saw a short, fashionably-dressed man alight from the parlor car followed by a porter with two grips.

The train moved on and the stranger stood looking about him with quizzical violet eyes; suddenly he picked up his grips and started toward the station agent.

"I wonder if you could tell me ... I would find a good, comfortable place to spend a couple of weeks?" asked the newcomer, dropping his grips. "I don't want a regular boarding house. I don't want a place where I can go fishing. I don't want to do any hunting. I just want to rest.

"I guess Oregon is the place for you. That is all there is to do here," remarked the agent. "There is lots of people in town who would like to make a little extra money and I guess you can get pretty good food most anywhere.

"It's been my experience," said the stranger with a soft Eastern intonation, "that farmers sell their good butter and their cream and their best eggs in the city and live off what is left. But I don't care so much for the food as I do for an absolute change. I don't want any place near a village. I'd rather go out three or four miles, on a little road where there aren't any automobiles pass-

... Sheparde's would be about ... ce for you," offered the genial agent. "Just built a milking and ... if they will take ...

... good of you; my ... Poe," continued ... "Much obliged to meet you." ... Shepard. "Wait just a minute. ... With a sweep ...

... "Yes, the Shepards says that ... ll take you, if six dollars ain't too much."

"No, that will be all right. I guess I can stand it. How can I get out to this place?"

"Tom Hedges over at the livery stable will take you out for a dollar," answered the agent practically.

Christopher Poe picked up his grips, thanked his informant and stepped ... ross the road to a rambling, old-fashioned ... tering a hay and feed store and livery stable. In ten minutes' time he was behind Old Tom and a pair of bays headed into the open country.

"There's lots of funny people lives around here," remarked old Tom Hedges, squinting off toward the horizon and stroking his tobacco-stained beard with his free hand. "You'll find the Barrys a funny lot; they live on the farm next to Shepard's. Old man Barry he's pretty sick, an' he's got two sons that wish he'd die."

"Well, that's rather unnatural," smiled Poe, thinking that old Tom Hedges himself was quite as queer as any of the characters he mentioned.

"Well, you wouldn't think so if you knew old Bill Barry. He's as tight as a drum. Never been known to spend a cent. He's got no use for money, nor conscience than a rabbit. He's kept them two boys out of school an' working on his farm all their lives and they are pretty near sick of it. Younger one, Jack, he ain't quite so bad."

Old Tom Hedges drawled along during the entire ride, relating uninteresting gossip about the Barrys, Shepards and neighbors. Christopher Poe was but little interested and his thoughts were busy with the beautiful, prosperous farms thru which they drove.

He found the Shepards a family quite to his liking and was given a room which overlooked a rolling, fruitful valley. The remainder of the day he spent strolling about, admiring the fields and woods. On his return home he was suddenly reminded of Hedges' description of the curious Barry family by finding, upon a strange girl, who looked half wild, a wood sprite, a wild flower. She was trudging along with two milk pails, when suddenly a young fellow who answered Hedges' description of Jack Barry ... running up, snatched one of the pails from her hand and scolded her for straggling with such a burden.

Christopher Poe walked slowly behind the pair and watched them with little interest, until a big, brawny fellow came running out of the little hillside house toward which they were headed.

"Bill's worse. Better send for the doctor," he cried.

A bellowing voice came from a room above. "I don't want no doctor. You ... for one and I'll lambast your hide, ... Bill!"

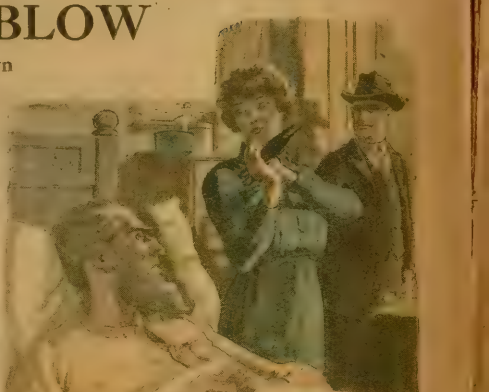
At that moment the Shepards' supper bell rang and Christopher Poe dropped his interest in the Barry family and hurried home.

After a thoroly satisfying meal, Poe lighted a cigar and sat upon the veranda enjoying the cool evening. At 8 o'clock he went to bed in the hope of sleeping until 8, but before it was light a rush of feet awakened him. He sat up in bed and looked out of the window to find an excited group on the porch below talking in loud, hysterical tones. In the dim light he made out the forms of Jack Barry and the girl he had seen with the milk pails.

"He couldn't have killed himself," Jack Barry cried. "The sheep shears was lyin' on a chair clean out of his reach ... and me was listening. It was just as the clock struck 4. We had ... him give a kind of grunting groan ... an' was half an hour later before I got up nerve enough to go into his room an' George he just comin' thru the other door at the same time."

George took up the story at that point: "... seen him there in his old undershirt, with the sheep medal lying across his heart. There was blood flowing down all around it, and when we moved that there prize he won with them Shropshires there was a great big hole and when we pulled back his shirt there was the sheep shears all bloody at the ...

... pher Poe bounded from bed. He had hoped for a peaceful two weeks in the village thus his attention to murder thru on the train. But here was an evident mystery which fascinated him. His duties as a New York detective had ...



In Her Hand She Held the Blood-Stained Sheep Shears.

... went down stairs and called up the sheriff.

Meantime Poe asked Mr. Shepard for the use of his horse and buggy and slipped away to town. He picked up old Tom Hedges at the livery stable and took him for a drive. During the ride he briefly sketched the tragedy to the garrulous old man and asked for further information concerning the Barry family. Tom Hedges was not reluctant in giving him minute details concerning the three Barrys and the girl, ... Bill Barry ... worked like a slave on ... as most interesting to him ... the younger son, was in love with Jenny, the ward. All three of the youngest people were ruled by Bill Barry with a ... hand. "Scared him, and in Tom Hedges' estimation none of them had the courage to commit such a crime. He explained the fact that Jack Barry was awake and heard the clock strike during the night before by saying that each of them was afraid that the other would have some secret conversation with their father.

Any lay awake to keep watch on each other, in fear that one might make his diseased state of mind might be induced to make a will in favor of one of his children, leaving out the other.

Tom Hedges repeated a scandal concerning Jenny; she was generally supposed to be the daughter of Bill Barry's brother who had run away with an adventuress who afterwards went insane.

"I wonder," asked Christopher Poe at the end of his conversation with Hedges, "if I could get a chance to board at the Barry's after the funeral is over."

"I guess you could, the boys are just as tight as their father was and as long as Jenny would do the work they'd like to get the extry money. But what do you want to go and get into such a sad house for now?"

"Oh, I am interested in this thing and I'd like to find out more about the Barry family," answered Poe.

"Well, all you got to do is to ask 'em." "I'll do that."

The next day Christopher Poe attended the funeral of old Billy Barry. Because of the tragic way in which the old man had died many people turned out from curiosity to follow the body to the Oregon Cemetery.

Christopher Poe's attendance was of interest and early that afternoon explained to the Shepards that he would gladly pay them two weeks' board in case Barry could arrange for him to get a room at the Barrys'. Mr. Shepard diplomatically made the arrangement with George Barry and that afternoon Christopher Poe quietly moved into the little hillside house and was established in the very room in which Bill Barry had died, the room having been made clean and tidy by Jenny.

The grewsomeness of his situation did not occur to the detective because of his great interest in the crime. He lay for hours in the bed and re-established in his mind the room as it had been on the night of the murder. During the first night he rose several times to rearrange chairs in an effort to figure out some plausible theory. He also carefully examined the Swiss clock and made a mental note of the fact that he could plainly hear the breathing of the two brothers who occupied separate rooms, both opening onto the middle chamber in which Poe lay.

Jenny had a small room below, just be-

neath the old staircase, and tho he felt that some one was moving about below stairs several times during the night he could hear no sound.

Next day at breakfast Jack announced in a business-like tone that he and Jenny were to be married that night. Christopher Poe immediately became anxious. A vague theory had been forming in his mind and he felt that he must act at once.

So immediately after breakfast he asked the two Barry's and Jenny upstairs to his room. The old sheep medal with its blood stains upon it lay on the dresser, the sheep shears beside it. Christopher Poe had found no difficulty in seeing that these two articles were not disposed of. The grewsome relics seemed to hold a morbid interest for all the Barry household.

When [illegible] were all gathered in the room Christopher Poe stepped softly to the door and locked it, then he went over to the clock on the mantle piece and turned the hands until they were pointing to half past two.

"Now," he said, taking up the sheep shears and placing them on the chair near the stairway where they had been the night of the tragedy, and putting the silver sheep medal on the bed, "I want you all to imagine that this is the night that Mr. Barry was killed. The shears lay where they did that night, the sheep medal will represent the place your father occupied, and the clock is set at half past two. I have found in examining this clock that it is of very excellent Swiss workmanship. The bell sounds the hours in regular rotation. I have tampered with it now so that it will strike three o'clock when these hands are turned to three.

"Now you two boys are supposed to be lying awake in these two outer rooms and Jenny is either awake or asleep downstairs in her room." Christopher Poe slowly and deliberately moved the hands of the clock until they reached the hour of three. The silver tinkle sounded clearly and distinctly three times.

"Now," continued the banker-detective, "you heard it strike three and if I left the clock alone it would strike four after an hour is passed, but instead of that I turn the hands around the entire face of the clock back to about half past two, so that the next time the clock strikes, while it would be really four o'clock the bell would only sound three times."

[illegible] turned and looked at Jenny, who [illegible] flushed face [illegible]

[illegible] We'll suppose that some person has slipped silently up the stairs after the [illegible] [illegible] instead of [illegible] four times at four o'clock there would [illegible] strokes.

[illegible] Christopher Poe [illegible] cut off her [illegible] to [illegible] stood fascinated watching [illegible] movement.

[illegible] trembling, [illegible] the door locked, returned and stood beside Jack as tho seeking protection.

Christopher Poe [illegible] deliberately turned the hands of the clock until they reached the hour of four. Then as the time piece began striking [illegible] toward the bed with the sheep shears tightly clutched in his hand and stood in a dramatic pose waiting. The clock struck once, twice, three times. Then his hand descended swiftly and the sheep shears clanged on the rim of the thin silver medal, making a note similar to the fourth stroke of the clock.

"You see," he cried, looking [illegible], his face eagerly flushed, "the clock did not strike four times. I made the fourth stroke by hitting the sheep shears against the medal. You spoke of a strange feeling that you had on the night of the murder when you heard the fourth stroke of the clock. Did you recognize the sound when I struck the medal just now?"

[illegible] brothers together. And Jenny made a bolt for the door tugging frantically at the knob.

"You recognize it, too," Poe said, catching the girl firmly by her arms.

[illegible]

written in her wildly defiant eyes, Christopher Poe turned to the Barrys and [illegible] murderess [illegible] Jack as much [illegible]

[illegible] looking at the [illegible]

[illegible] Christopher Poe [illegible] sheriff to [illegible]

[illegible] to grasp the [illegible] overpowered her [illegible] unfortunate [illegible]

[illegible] of [illegible] supposedly quiet, rural [illegible]

A Winter Song

Oh, 'tis good to meet together
When it's cold and nipping weather
And the flames are leaping up the chimney's throat;
And their fiery tongues are dancing,
Now retreating, now advancing,
[illegible]
night a cheery note!

What tho blustry winds are blowing
With a threat of early snowing
And the world around is gripped by frosty hands,
There's delight in wintry weather
When good fellows meet together,
That is never, never known in summer lands.
—Birmingham Age-Herald

What He Got.

"WHAT," asked the bilious [illegible] he pulled toward him a [illegible] large piece of huckleberry pie, "[illegible] nu, or something like that that [illegible] at a soda fountain."

"I expect you mean 'parfait,'" suggested the pretty teacher.

"French for 'perfect,'" said the well-informed boarder.

"That's what I got, then," resumed the bilious boarder. "I went to a soda fountain and told the girl that I wanted lemon phosphate, and I knew by the dubious expression on her face that she considered the construction of a lemon phosphate a [illegible]

[illegible] She was going to [illegible] pulled down [illegible] glass a sort of [illegible] fit most [illegible] coming down [illegible] decided to consult [illegible] out from behind a [illegible] rangement, and after that [illegible] with more assurance [illegible] dog on a [illegible] what flavor [illegible] and I said [illegible] squirted some substance into the glass and took a look at it, and it looked all right to her. She didn't show it to me, [illegible] think she would have been glad to re[illegible] me about it.

"Then she took the [illegible] the ice cream freezer and got a spoonful of stuff. It was a trapdoor spoon, built on the dumpcart plan, and she unloaded a spoonful into the glass and took another look at it. She asked me what flavor again, and I said, 'Still lemon.' Then she opened up another ice cream freezer and dumped in some more ice cream, and then she began to take down jars off the shelf. She put in some nuts and then she stirred the compound vigorously, after which she put in a couple more squirts and stirred it some more. Finally she put some whipped cream in and added a cherry on top of that and handed me the concoction quite [illegible] I took it the same way.

"It looked pretty good to me with all that whipped cream and the cherry on top of it, and I got busy. The girl drew off a little way and watched. The first time she had occasion to come my way she asked me how it was, and I said it was fine. She was much relieved. Later on she showed up again and inquired anxiously how it was. Again I said, 'Fine!' The next time she showed up with the question I said, 'Why, the thing is fine, but what is it?'

[illegible] pleased [illegible] the girl [illegible] or something, and it costs [illegible]

"'Gee whiz' I said. 'I haven't got 30 cents unless you'll take my crooked dime. What I ordered was a lemon phosphate.'

"'If that's the case,' said the girl, 'we'll only charge you for the phosphate, and you can keep your bent dime.'"

"Why, I should be delighted!" said the pretty teacher, evidently on the invitation of the sensible boarder, who had proposed that the pretty teacher go with him to the nearest soda fountain and partake of one of those contrivances of which the [illegible] boarder had spoken so knowingly.

Sentimental Reason.

TWENTY—"I want to enroll in the 10th Regiment."

Recruiting Officer—"Why that regiment?"

Twenty—"I want to be near a friend of mine. He's in the 11th."

Permanently Relieved His Piles

Now 88 Years Old, But Works at Trade of Blacksmith and Feels Younger Since Piles Are Gone.

The oldest active blacksmith in Michigan is still pounding his anvil in the town of Homer—thanks to my internal method for relieving piles.

Mr. Jacob Lyon, Homer, Mich.

I wish that you could hear him tell of his many experiences with ointments, salves, dilators, etc., before he tried my method. Here is a letter just received from him:

Homer, Mich., June 27, 1917.

Mr. E. R. Page, Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir: I want you to know what your treatment has done for me. I had suffered with piles for [illegible] years and used suppositories and all kinds of treatments, but never got relief until I tried yours. Am now completely cured. Although I am 88 years old, and the oldest active blacksmith in Michigan, I feel years younger since the piles have left me. I will surely recommend it to all I know who suffer [illegible] way. You can use my letter any way you wish and I hope it will lead others to try this wonderful remedy. Yours truly,

J. L. LYON

Don't let a doctor [illegible] and don't waste money on foolish ointments, salves, etc., but send today for a Free Trial of my internal method for the Permanent Relief of Piles.

I especially want [illegible] cases where all forms of salves [illegible] and other local treatments have failed.

FREE PILE CURE COUPON

[illegible] St., Marshall, Mich. [illegible] your Method to

FREE!

30 Day Trial

Your choice of 17, 19 or 21 Jewel Elgin, Waltham, Hamilton, South Bend or Illinois in 25 year gold cases, $18.50 to $29.75.

Send No Money

Not a penny. Wait 'til we place the Watch of your choice in your own hands. Just write us today for our 160 page Free Catalog and Monthly Cut Price Bulletin of Watches, Diamonds and Silverware. Let us prove to you that we boost the quality, lower the price and make terms as low as

$1.50 a Month!

You do not risk a cent. Every Watch, Diamond or other article positively guaranteed in writing.

9081 $39.95 Tiffany [illegible] 14k solid gold mounting. Special price for our thrift [illegible] only... $39.50

It is the simple, safe, economical way to pay for a Watch or Diamond without missing the money. No red tape, no security, no interest—a square deal for square people, and those who buy this month will be given a $1 gold-filled chain free.

HARRIS-GOAR COMPANY
Dept. 106 Kansas City, Mo.
We Do As We Advertise

Tobacco Habit BANISHED in 48 to 72 Hours

No craving for tobacco in any form when you begin taking Tobacco Redeemer. Don't try to quit the tobacco habit [illegible] Let the tobacco habit quit YOU. [illegible] Tobacco Redeemer, according to directions for two or three days. It is a most marvelously quick and thoroughly reliable [illegible]

Not a Substitute

Tobacco Redeemer contains no habit-forming drugs [illegible] a substitute for tobacco. After finishing the treatment you have absolutely no desire to use tobacco again or to continue the use of the remedy. It makes not a particle of difference how long you have been using tobacco, how much you use or in what form you use it—whether you smoke cigars, cigarettes, pipe, chew plug or fine cut or use snuff. Tobacco Redeemer will positively banish every trace of desire in from 48 to 72 hours. This we absolutely guarantee in every case or money refunded.

Write today for our free booklet showing the deadly effect of tobacco upon the human system and positive proof that Tobacco Redeemer will quickly free you of the habit.

Newell Pharmacal Company,
Dept. 388 St. Louis, Mo.

New Feather Beds Only $6.50

New Feather Pillows $1.25 per pair. Full size and full weight guaranteed. All new, clean, sanitary feathers. Best 8 ounce feather proof ticking. Write for new catalogue. SOUTHERN FEATHER & PILLOW CO., Dept. 102, Greensboro, N. C.

The Kibler Evaporator FREE
MY GREAT PATRIOTIC FOOD SAVER

For Fruits and Vegetables

Every ounce of food saved helps win the war! Don't let fruits and vegetables go to waste. I am going to distribute twenty thousand evaporators among my agents and friends this summer and help them [illegible] pounds of food. This marvelous machine is made on a new principle, built especially for me. It's small [illegible] for a family of two but large enough to work on a big commercial [illegible] You can dehydrate (dry) fruits and vegetables for your own use and for selling on the market and to your dealers. [illegible] evaporator is simple in construction, and costs almost [illegible] It preserves the flavor, so that when cooked after [illegible] fruits and vegetables are as good as the fresh. No fly [illegible] bugs or worms, as in the sun-drying method. [illegible] beets, berries [illegible] tied up in jars, cans and sugar. No loss from spoilage. [illegible] it is scarce and high in the winter. You can lay in a big supply while it is cheap and use it or sell it when it is high. [illegible] of over 5 square feet and will dry approximately [illegible] A powerful heater supplies the [illegible] The fumes are carried outside [illegible] temperature as long as [illegible] have to watch the evaporator. Start it going and leave it. Don't you want one of these wonderful evaporators? You can easily get one free. Simply help me start [illegible] I want to send you

Kibler's All 'Round Oil The Oil With a Thousand Uses

[illegible] because Kibler's All 'Round Oil preserves furniture, machinery, etc. [illegible] best furniture polish, cleaner, [illegible] rust preventive and leather preserver. It's the great labor saver in over two million homes. It is so well known that it sells itself. I will give you free my wonderful evaporator for simply selling 24 bottles of this oil at 50 cents each [illegible] three times as much as the 25c size). Send me the $12.00 collected and I will ship you the [illegible] free.

Send No Money. [illegible] you and take the oil back if you cannot sell it. Act Now. Be the first [illegible] an evaporator. You can sell any surplus food and make good money [illegible] write us to send you the oil [illegible] your nearest express office. In case you are in a hurry for your evaporator, if you will send the $12 in advance we will ship both oil and machine and include a very handsome premium extra.

THE KIBLER CO., Dept. G-5, Indianapolis, Ind.

How I Brought Down My First Hun

By Lieut. Stephen Thompson

The first American aviator to bring down a Hun in the air was Lieut. Stephen Thompson of West Fields, Me., who was on his first flight over the German lines because a French observation officer was taken ill at the starting time. In the following Lieutenant Thompson tells of his exploit:

A FRENCH bombing squadron was to make a daylight raid over Germany and we found out about it. One of the lieutenants from Atlanta obtained permission to go. I went along to see my comrade start on his trip.

We ate an early dinner with the French officers and then went to the field. The men put on their flying suits, climbed into the machines, which were already lined up, and the mechanics cranked the engines.

It was almost starting time, or "zero hour," as we say, because everything starts at that time. The machines with the Atlantan and said, "Well, good-by, Dick. I hope to see you again in a few hours; luck to you." But then a French officer rushed up and asked if I was a gunner and could take the place of an observer who was ill. I put on a flying suit, climbed into the machine and within less than ten minutes I was in the air and going northeast toward an hour for Germany. I put on goggles, helmet, gloves, etc., and adjusted apparatus after leaving the ground.

After leaving the field we took the formation or "line-up," as assigned, and then rose rapidly. As we passed ten thousand feet I began to shiver in spite of the heavy fur lining to the suit. The air was frightfully thin and I pulled the plug out of the pocket and inserted it soon the chill passed away.

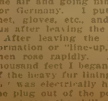
I had a little difficult breathing was necessary to special attention to. By breathing deeply and fast I could get enough

[illegible] will take many trips soon get used to [illegible]

[illegible] of clouds and soon [illegible] only the layer of clouds a couple of miles below and stretching in all directions, they looked like large banks of pure white snow and the sun shone beautifully on them. After a time the clouds came to a ragged end as we continued all was as clear as an afternoon sun could make it. There were occasional views of the earth and we had excellent views of German towns as we passed rapidly over them.

Soon we saw a large city coming up over the horizon and as it came nearer it spread itself out like a map and we could see it was our objective.

At one end there were railroad yards, houses, canal locks, munition plants, factories and everything else all jammed together as they usually are at a shipping center, and a better target could not be imagined. It covered much ground,



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and we were sure to hit something of importance.

We were still several miles from the place when the Boches commenced shelling us with both shrapnel and high explosive shells. There must have been several batteries firing because they just speckled the sky. The first shells burst nearly half a mile below us, but soon they found our height, and the next thing I knew one of them burst right on our level and just off to the side of our machine, and the black smoke boiled out like the top of a smokestack. Soon they were bursting all around us, and it occurred to me for the first time that shells could burst above and below as well as in front and behind and to the sides. Every time a shell burst near us the machine would shy like a horse at a piece of paper.

We had excellent pilots and dodged and zigzagged and continued our course. One of our machines darted down past us, going like a cannon ball. I thought, "My, do they fall that fast!" It was only a maneuver to get unshrapnel, however, and he flattened out into a horizontal course a few hundred feet below. I felt very much relieved because I thought sure he had been hit.

The signal stopped then, and several Boche planes which had come in sight and had been maneuvering for position came down after us in a close fight. I saw only three at first. These came around our side and I kept my eyes glued on them and paid little attention to the other side.

We were nearly over our target and I glanced every few seconds to see about dropping the bombs. I became conscious of the fact that there were more than three planes in sight, and a few did but I did not have time to count them. Later I found there were eight. There were eight on the side and when I say machines, all going one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five miles an hour, in all directions, and all aligned and I pulled right and left, all are shooting at each other, there is too much going on to count enemy planes. The combined speed is two hundred to three hundred miles an hour and the plane looks little more than a streak. But it is necessary to keep them separated so as not to shoot at the wrong one.

One evidently had picked out our machine for a target and I kept my eye on him wherever he went. All planes are armed with machine guns which shoot six to eight shots a second and keep up a stream of bullets as long as the trigger is held down. I fired a few shots just to see that the gun was working well, but the Boche was too far away and there was no result nothing. It was time to drop the bombs and I pulled the release. I counted them as they left the machine—2, 4, 6—great big bombs, three feet long and loaded with the highest explosive. They all released without a catch and dived nose down straight as an arrow for the destruction of the mass of buildings over three miles below. It was impossible to miss the place. I longed for a field glass and the time to watch the explosions. Four tons of explosive will raise a flock of bricks, and the destruction done by a stick it is a sight for the gods. I watched the bombs disappear and then turned the nose of my machine toward the operations again.

Our Boche was attacking. He had dived down past us and was coming up under us. My hands were numb with cold (I had taken off my gloves thinking I could do better work) and I knew I had to get him with that magazine because my hands were too stiff to change.

The pilot I was with was as quick as lightning. He shot the machine sharply to the right and then turned it up on edge, half way upside down, well behind the enemy machine, gave me a clear field of fire at the Boche, and I gave him both barrels, or about [illegible] shots a second, and it was like spraying a stream of lead. He turned slightly and then pitched forward into a nose dive. The gasoline was aligned and I burst into flames, the gasoline tank exploded and he fell like a comet.

The other machines were driven off. Altho some of our machines were [illegible] turn without further incident. None of our men was injured, except that my hands were frozen.

Altho the sky was clear blue we were too high to be seen by any one on the ground unless they had extremely good [illegible] The men at the batteries probably picked us up with glasses.

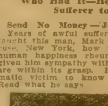
The other American had a brisk fight, but his Boche remained at a respectful distance and managed to escape.

When we landed the pilot shook hands and said, "Good sport,' and I agreed with him. It is far more exciting than looping the loop, spiraling or doing anything else in the acrobatic line I ever have tried.

Rheumatism

Remarkable Home Cure Given by One Who Had It—He Wants Every Sufferer to Benefit.

Send No Money—Just Your Address. Years of awful suffering and misery have taught this man, Mark H. Jackson, of Syracuse, New York, how to overcome and drive out human happiness rheumatism by, and have given him sympathy with all unfortunates who are within its grasp. He wants every rheumatic victim to know how he was cured. Read what he says:



"I Had Sharp Pains Like Lightning Electric Shooting Through My Joints."

In the spring of 1894 I was attacked by Muscular and Inflammatory Rheumatism. I suffered as only victims of Rheumatism do for over three years. I tried remedy after remedy and doctor after doctor, [illegible] completely, and it has never returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted, and even bedridden with Rheumatism, and it effected a cure in every case.

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The Boy

MY [illegible]CD:

Your picture looks like the picture of a young soul transfigured by a celestial vision. Hope, love, victory—everything that is triumphant and fine—you have caught a glimpse, beloved, of the ultimate glory of the end, when death and suffering will be swallowed in the wonderful resurrection of life, to this suffering world? How strange it is to think of the [illegible] of this [illegible] making, that the battle is [illegible] you and your comrades are [illegible] death and going to [illegible] further and further on, be the scene of pious pilgrimages undertaken by loyal hearts, from every corner of the world. The unknown graves of those who met the great adventure with smiling hearts, upon those fields, will receive the homage of a million grateful hearts in years to come—will be watered by tears of tender gratitude. We are just beginning to realize over here what war means, and something of what it daily brings. The Honor Roll in the daily paper is growing each day, and the lists of wounded are getting longer. So many tragedies meet us every day. And it is the unexpected which so often assails us.

A family here in our village have two sons in the army. Last summer, and is waiting now in a southern camp, for the summons to go "over." One brother is older—married, and with two little children. The younger boy has been torn with grief, at the thought of his younger brother, and the awful dangers he is facing, while yesterday came word that the older brother [illegible] suddenly [illegible] fatal illness. So does the grim reaper gather in his sheaves! So does the commanding officer call for recruits to the farthest frontier of all! So does death wait upon us, not only on the battlefield, but in the midst of [illegible]

In much that I am reading of the war, [illegible] the predominating note seems [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] that enemies of God do not exist at the front. The nearness of death, it appears, makes men as little children, and they [illegible] their mother's knee. But I am not afraid of death or even the fear of it, that makes men turn to God. Soldiers at the front, and sailing at the sea, are exceptionally close to God. Many a genuine thing is [illegible] [illegible] turn to God when they pause and think, soldiers are forced to think of their destiny, with bullets whistling about them, and so their minds inadvertently revert to the faith which has sustained the ages and will not fail in faithful ministry now.

Beloved, there is a big problem facing our Army today. When you all come back covered with glory—with strange medals for valiant deeds upon your breasts, how are you going to live up to the splendid record of bravery and honor you have made for yourselves for you always had it, you always will. It is part of you—inviolate. But how about the others who, with pampered lives or selfish lives or, maybe, vicious lives, suddenly find themselves heroes, will they live up to the tolerance, the individual valor, in the democracy of peace which they had in the democracy of arms? If so, then the world will rise to new and loftier heights of nobility

Goodnight, beloved.

* * *

Business Deferred.

"DON'T wait for me at dinner this evening, dearie," he said when his wife answered his telephone call.

"What is the matter?" she asked

I have a business engagement—very important—which will keep me down town pretty late."

"Oh, pshaw. Can't you get out of it?"

"No. I'm awfully sorry, dear."

"Can't you put it off until tomorrow?"

"It's impossible. There's a man here from New York speaking to me, and he's going away on the midnight train. Twelve o'clock sharp. I've got to go over with him before he gets away."

"What time do you come?"

"Just got in."

"I didn't know there was a train from New York this time."

"Oh, yes. There are trains from New York every little while."

"What is his name?"

"Say, honey, I don't like to have you doubt my word. His name is Davidson, [illegible] William Davidson—

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Why, honey, dear—

"You've heard him calling you his daisy. I'll be right home!"

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] phonograph and took off the Harry Lauder record.

* * *

Feminism.

THESE Alpine fedoras and peek-a-boo shirts
Alarm us, lest men shall soon be wearing leg skirts!
'Twill be but a step then to corsets and curls,
And we'll have to revise it thus: "Boys will be girls."

Her Birthday Surprise

By Catherine Battle

"HELLO, Mary Ann! Believe me, there of a life in the open. The few fine lines
subway tonight!"

The speaker was a rather frail young girl, about 20. Her eyes showed the strain characteristic of those who work under the electric light in the business offices and stores of a large city.

"Well, never mind, Lucy, dear," said Mary Ann, tenderly.

"Only a couple of months more so stick it out, girlie."

A half hour later found Lucy in her frilly kimono and house slippers. Mary Ann was serving the salad before Lucy offered further comment.

"Gee, but I feel lots better since I ate. Tell me, Mary Ann, didn't you ever want to get married? Every time Joe eats here he always says that some man missed a good wife when he missed

answer to this volley of questions the older woman smiled, perhaps a little bit sadly, but she merely said, "Who'd marry an old lady like me, child?"

"Get into your pretty white dress and slippers. In half an hour Joe will be ringing the hall bell and you won't be near ready unless you hustle."

Mary Ann, [illegible] 60 than 40. Unmistakably, in her day, she must have been a beauty. Even now, her [illegible] for its lustrous [illegible] soft brown eyes told the world that hidden somewhere in their bottomless pools there was a memory, perhaps a great sorrow.

No one that Lucy knew had ever been [illegible] to [illegible] Mary Ann met Lucy [illegible] in the paper Company's department store. Mary Ann was a buyer for the waist department and Lucy had just started to learn the great business of "selling" waists.

Lucy came from the American melting pot, the East Side of New York. Her parents, residing in Canada at a distance, however slim, sent her to work

[illegible] and a slim purse saw both of Lucy's parents carried off to the [illegible] within a fortnight of an epidemic

[illegible] like Lucy. She was not there it he had a modest [illegible] room apartment, a good salary, and unbounded affection.

And so Lucy came to live with Mary Ann.

"Where's that ever-white gone, Mary Ann?" shouted Lucy from the tiny bathroom. "My slippers are a sight. Why, here it is—that I am—right behind [illegible]

[illegible] the bathroom. I be sure you look just right and then I'll run over to Jake's and get some [illegible]

Mary Ann was gone but a few moments when the door bell rang. It was Joe.

Lucy heart began to flutter as she captured the last of her stray hairs with an invisible before opening the door.

"Lu—and Joe Wallingford reached for [illegible] in the [illegible] and [illegible] hearted love!

When Lu disentangled her hairs from [illegible] for standing behind Joe was another man.

"Lu, dear," stammered Joe, "this is [illegible]

[illegible] see, Uncle Ned is an old bach," said Joe playfully. "He came in this morning from Brazil. Dad's been showering him the town today and tonight I just made him come along to see the

"I cannot tell how [illegible] the young lady of [illegible] and to tell him how [illegible]

[illegible] man not less than 60. Tall, straight as an arrow was he. His tanned complexion and rather [illegible] burned hair told

LEG SORES

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LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Mercolized Wax, a purely organic and safe Face [illegible] every defect, soon dissolves and absorbs [illegible] leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and [illegible] or sun freckles, pimples in the roughest and [illegible] cases. This preparation has been used for years, and hundreds are now using it who have [illegible] their youthful appearance. Mercolized Wax is sold by druggists everywhere, but if you prefer to buy direct from the [illegible] send 50c per ounce and the [illegible] will be sent you by return mail. Address: The Mercolized Wax Co., Dept. 1108, Harrisburg, Pa.

Heredity.

[illegible] wrestled with the mending basket. It was a lecture on heredity or something [illegible]

"It was," she said.

"And what did you find out?" said I. "I found out," she replied "that heredity has been systematized and catalogued like everything else in this [illegible] last-put-your-finger-on-it-is [illegible] generation, till being born into the world isn't an adventure at all. You can calculate how many straight-haired grandchildren and how many curly [illegible] you're destined to have or easily as you can figure out how many pints in a bushel of peas.

"I don't believe I like it," said I. "It makes me feel as if I was nothing but an answer to a problem in arithmetic.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] that if you know the ancestors it's a simple matter to deduce their descendants. He illustrated his points with statistics on peas and beans and mice and butterflies and various other [illegible]

[illegible] suppose a black bean [illegible] They are [illegible] lets. But when it comes to their grandchildren, there will be a definite number [illegible] who will be dark [illegible] grandpa, but—and here is the curious and significant fact in this business—there will also be a certain number who

[illegible]

"Peggy was wiping the dishes for me [illegible] and trying to explain this to her as best I could. I wanted to do my duty by bringing home any superior knowledge I might have gleaned at the club since that's supposed to be one of our chief objects in joining a club in the first place.

"So I was dwelling especially [illegible] lecturer's assertion that some beans [illegible] along to their children the whiteness of a previous generation. It seemed to me rather pleasant to speculate with Peggy on the chances this scientist offered her [illegible] remote ancestors.

"Their parents don't possess it, I'm [illegible]

"In dilating on this subject, I told Peggy about her grandfather's wonderful memory. As it happened, I, his child, have no memory at all. If I want something in the next room I have to hurry in after it immediately, and even [illegible] I've deserted to get what I wanted before I can get to it. But [illegible]

[illegible] hope that in spite of her [illegible] fact her grandfather's fine memory had perhaps descended to her.

[illegible]

so I told her had a beautiful voice when she was [illegible] and that Peggy had not the voice [illegible] a chance that Peggy [illegible] turn out to have inherited her grandmother's gift of song.

"And do you think," I inquired, "that [illegible] interested your little [illegible]

"I have reason to believe that it did," my neighbor replied, "for later, when I was tucking Peggy in for the night she threw her arms around my neck and said with a sonorous—

[illegible]

"'How does that [illegible]

"'I don't know, mama Peggy. I guess it must be a trait I inherit from my grandmother.'"

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ELGIN, Waltham, Illinois, Hampden or Rockford $4.98

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As stocks are limited. Every watch guaranteed time piece or money refunded. Send amount with order. Watch [illegible]

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[illegible] We will then send you a beautiful [illegible] which you will like

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We will also make you a present of a Certificate of Entry for [illegible] to auto votes and tell you all about this splendid [illegible] which we are going to give away free

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You can also win an automobile in addition to splendid prizes, such as watches, cameras and other articles [illegible] worth ten cents. Write your name and address plainly.

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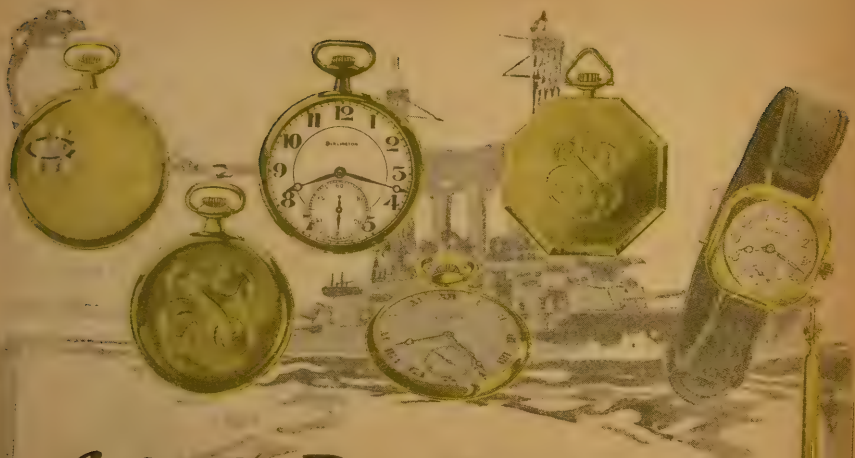
[illegible] and [illegible] Mary Ann [illegible] Ned [illegible] Lucy [illegible] Joe [illegible] Ned [illegible] Lucy [illegible] Mary Ann [illegible] Lucy [illegible] Mary Ann [illegible] Lucy [illegible] Mary Ann



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And yet you may get a 21-jewel Burlington for only $2.50 a month. Truly it is the master watch. 21 ruby and sapphire jewels, adjusted to the second, temperature, isochronism and positions. Fitted at the factory in a gold strata case, warranted for 25 years. All the newest cases are yours to choose from. You pay only the ***rock-bottom-direct-price*** – positively the exact price that the wholesale dealer would have to pay.

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Please send me (without obligations and prepaid) your free book on watches with full explanation of your cash or $2.50 a month offer on the Burlington Watch.

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Spring Offensive.

"WHY the gloom?" inquired the suburbanite with considerable interest.

The gentleman to his right sighed. "My brow is furrowed," he explained, "because my home life is not happy. I am a miserable man. There is no living in the same house with Imogene these days without the constant exercise of Christian forbearance to a degree which is beyond me. She—she strolled out into the back yard one of these recent warm days and—and discovered some last year's parsnips beginning to grow."

"The catastrophe," said the suburbanite, "falls to move me."

"You always were shallow," his friend told him. "Since she discovered that parsnip we have had no peace. First I had to go out in the back yard to look at the parsnip and thereby ruin a shine, because the ground was still soggy. I had no interest whatever in the parsnip, because it is a vegetable I do not eat. Moreover, parsnips are not eatable when they start up in the spring after a winter in the ground.

"But all this had no effect on my wife," continued the aggrieved gentleman. "She regarded the silly thing with great delight. She said now she really felt that she could come—and I quote her exactly. I have always noticed that when a wife uses the term 'we' it means 'him.' In this case it meant that I was to make an assault on the garden tools. Then when I had wrenched them forth from their deerlike repose and had hiked across between a coal heaver and a Bolshevik I was to go out and, standing ankle deep in the mire, upheave the parsnip.

"I invariably catch a cold in my head and grime up my hands, so that for weeks my clients regard me as a man unalterably opposed to soap and water. So to ward off this program I tried to explain to Imogene quietly that she really was not seeing a parsnip growing, but that it was too early for gardening. I always try that, hoping that something will happen—maybe my brother, who has a Western ranch and never visits me in the spring, will come to see us and be delighted to wade up the garden or that the doctor will call and tell Imogene to send it or that we shall be left a million dollars and go away for the summer or that Congress will decree that it is not economical to have a garden—but nothing ever does happen.

"This year I tried to wish the job onto the furnace man. I pointed out that he was a deserving furnace man and had [illegible] all winter, necessi-

[illegible] that he would be pleased to assume the [illegible]. He grew pale at no. With the onrush of spring cleaning the furnace man now had so many jobs that prospered that he could not, as frequently happens. Unless it was a job particularly to his liking he scorned work always. In fact, he had refused scrubbing our front porch on the ground that scrubbing was an affair to a man who had been recently raked to paint a garage, thank you! Anyway, I should be ashamed of myself for balking at helping the Government.

"Yes, sir, that's the way Imogene put it! She had the Army, United States batch of officials in Washington sitting up till 3 a. m. breathlessly waiting for a wire from Chicago stating that we had started our garden. We got a little lettuce, one onion and a radish from the plot last year, the sparrows and the bugs taking the rest as a fair division of spoils. Nevertheless, Imogene regards it as of value in the food campaign. She is perfectly merciless. When I am deep in my novel she thrusts seed catalogs into the midst of the troubles of Hildegarde and Geoffrey—and when your mind is filled with the sorrows of a lovely, willowy young creature like Hildegarde, who has natural color and does not have to pencil her brows, how in thunderation can you consider the relative merits of purple striped turnips as against rutabagas?

"What boots it that chard grows faster than spinach, only the lumberjacks eat it alive, if Geoffrey is on the point of plunging over a cliff because the villain has prevented his true love from wedding? How do I know whether—

"I'm" said the suburbanite. "Did it ever occur to you to relax and yank up that parsnip, root and branch?"

"I think she'd had a policeman guarding it since the day of discovery," grumbled his neighbor. "Gee! It's me for the mud and the spade, all right!"

* * *

Near Failures.

"IT BEATS all how often it happens that a man will make a fizzle of his career until a certain point is reached," mused the old bookseller, "and then success comes along and hands him bouquets so suddenly and unexpectedly that it takes him a long time to realize what has happened to him.

"I see an autobiographical story by Irving Bacheller in one of the magazines. This highly gifted man, whose name is a household word all over the country and whose bank account probably is worth going miles to see, was a total loss at the age of 49. He looked forward to a few years of hard sledding and then a quiet and unobtrusive funeral, perhaps at the public expense.

"In a desperate effort to raise some money for soupbones he wrote 'Eben Holden.' Then he went fishing, and when he returned from the excursion it was to learn that his book was a best seller, and his front yard was full of frantic publishers bidding for the right on anything he felt like writing. I don't suppose there's a man in the United States more deserving of success for a finer character than Irving Bacheller is hard to find.

"There have been countless such cases," said the librarian and he added:

"Long ago, Ed Howe, editor of the Atchison (Kan.) Globe, wrote a book and called it 'Story of a Country Town.' His paper was then a small, struggling thing, and Howe did all the editorial work and most of the news gathering. He also brought in the advertising and kept the books, and when he had a few minutes to spare he wrote.

"After working like this all day he shut himself up in his hall bedroom at night and wrote his novel. When it was done no publisher would touch it, so he published it himself, doing all the work in his little printing shop. He sent sports around town bought copies, but the story found this world a bitter frost. Howe tried to sell the town and moved all his attention to his newspaper.

"One day W. D. Howells was trotting around in Boston and stopped before a second-hand bookstore, where some cheap books were displayed. He picked up one which attracted his attention by its jay appearance. It had been made in a little Western printing office. He took it along as a curiosity. Once started he began to read it. He sat up late that night, for he couldn't put the book down until he had finished it.

"Then he wrote a review of the story, giving it such an enthusiastic sendoff that the world began to stop and wait. Howe's story still sells, and a fine new edition was published last winter. It is one of the classics of American literature, and you see what a narrow escape it had from total oblivion."

* * *

Dull Company.

"I DON'T suppose you wish to go to the entertainment tonight," purred Mrs. Billups.

"Not if I can avoid it," said Billups.

"Well, I thought I'd ask," admitted the unappreciative husband.

"Why, I thought you would be delighted! I thought Mr. Jellybean and Mr. Jellybean. You always said you did, and Mrs. Jellybean said that he considered you the best kind of company. He said the two are together you say the cutest, funniest things. That day the two of you got to cutting up a few picnic it was one continuous round of merriment."

"Yes, yes, I know," growled Billups. "That idiot Jellybean has me on a picnic and when there are ladies around, but men don't pull that kind of stuff among themselves. And as Jellybean and I, in the presence of two carefully coiffured and massaged and beautiful ladies, naturally have nothing to say."

"But when there are no ladies present the conversation takes the opposite course. Jellybean tells me during the desis he has made, explains the pitfalls of popular and unpopular government, describes the route of the aeroplanes, gives me statistics and dimensions and winds up by confiding to me how much his nose thinks of being squeezed his nose as saying he couldn't possibly get along without him.

"But when there are ladies present it is different. He tells about the time he constructed a flying machine of his own and flew from his back porch to a candy pulling eleven feet below his starting place. He tells of being canned at school eleven times in one year and winds up by telling how he hangs pictures for his wife, all of which stories are entirely too good for mere masculine consumption.

"However, you might as well let him come. I will put him thru a couple of games of pinochle and win a bunch of war stamps off him."

Last One Out.

"I AM waiting for my wife," explained the man who stood outside the church.

"Same here," replied the man who had just arrived and was starting to light a cigar.

"You won't have time to finish your cigar, you'll find," replied the man who stood outside the church.

"I should say I will!" replied the man who had just arrived.

"Hadn't you better stand where you won't be apt to miss her in the crowd?" suggested the other man.

"Not me," replied the new arrival. "I can just stand any old place. There is no danger of missing my wife. It is a very simple matter for me. All I have to do is to grab the last woman out. I've been married twelve years now and I have taken her home from many different churches of many different denominations on different occasions, and never once in all these years has she failed to be the last woman out of the church. That's her new lid in the white hat."

"Ah! She isn't the last one out this time. This is once she fooled you!"

"No, she hasn't fooled me. The first time she did that she did fool me a little, but that was a long time ago. I have it now and I'll face cousin on it. You see, she's gone back into the church again! She always does that three or four times. This is only go-back No. 1. It will be a long time yet before she's out for good."

"She just happened to remember that she had forgotten her purse," surmised the man who stood outside.

"Possibly," agreed the other, "but it is more likely that she just happened to remember that she wanted to ask somebody about something, or she had forgotten to tell some committee something, and an affair like that will take rather longer for its completion than does the mere recovering of a purse. But it doesn't matter what she went back for. It will be sufficient for me to wait until the last dog's hung. Anybody who stays in that church any longer than she does will stay so all night, and I have no use to stay with the bolt by an eyelash. The janitor is always very particular not to bolt the door until he sees the last woman out."

At this point the man who stood outside the church stepped forward and accosted a beautiful lady, as she emerged from the church.

"Say, stick around a while," he said to the beautiful lady, "I want to see who'll be the last woman out."

They did so and the very last mortal [illegible] was escorted by the man who had arrived last upon the scene.

* * *

No, Cordelia, drummers are not so called because they are on the beat, but rather because they are so noisy.

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(TRADE-MARK)

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"Last Spring I suffered with a terrible condition from female troubles, inflammation, displacement, irregularity and flooding, so that I would be unable to do my housework for two weeks, and the doctor thought I would have to go through an operation for relief. I began Lydia E. Pinkham treatment, which helped me wonderfully, so I sent for a box, and as it did me so much good I kept on and got my work. I think Mrs. Summers' medicine is the greatest blessing to suffering women and girls, and I recommend it every chance I have."—Mrs. Lena Anderson.

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W. D. BOYCE CO., Dept. 15, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.

Using the Flag on Your Linen

Abbreviations of Crochet Stitches.

ch st—Chain stitch.
sl cr—Single crochet.
dc cr—Double crochet.
tr cr—Treble crochet.
dtr cr—Double treble crochet.
p—Picot.
rp—Space.
gr—Group.
*—Sign of repetition.

Ch st, make a loop over hook, thread over hook, pull second loop thru first loop, repeat for the length required.

Sl cr, make a length of ch sts, skip 1 ch st, insert hook into 2nd ch st, thread over hook, draw thru the ch st, making 2 loops on hook, thread over hook, thru both loops.

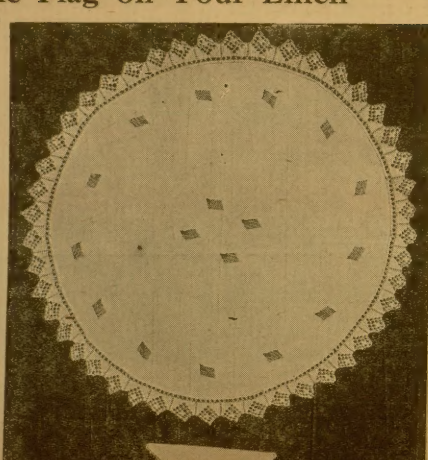
Dc cr, make a length of ch sts, thread over hook, skip 3 ch sts, insert hook into 4th ch st, draw thread thru ch st, thread over hook, thru 2 loops, thread over hook, thru the 2 remaining loops.

Tr cr, make length of ch sts, thread over hook twice, skip 4 sts, insert hook into 5th ch st, draw thread thru ch st, thread over hook, thru 2 loops, thread over hook, thru 2 loops, thread over hook, thru the 2 remaining loops.

P, make 5 ch sts, catch back into 4th ch st from the hook, pull loop thru.

Sp, 1 d c, 2 ch sts, skip 2 sts, forms 1 sp.

Gr, 1 d c into each st for 4 sts together form 1 gr.



SIMPLE and inexpensive is this clever use of the flag for decorating luncheon linens. In these days of inventive war activities, one can prepare her linens with patriotic decorations in a very short time. The centerpiece of plain white linen can be of the size preferred for one's table center, the lace edge is also a matter of choice, and this machine lace can be used, but the girl who is handy with her needle prefers lace of her own making.

The design shown here is substantial and pleasing; many other designs can be used with equally charming effect. Scalloped or knitted edges can also be utilized in this manner.

The flags are the printed paper stickers which are sold in small packages of about fifty stickers at 10 cents per package. These may be placed on any white linen background to suit the individual taste.

When the linen requires laundering, dampen the back of the sticker and remove it before dipping the entire piece. After the laundry work is completed, fresh flags are again pasted to the linen, making a new and attractive set again.

For the lace edge use No. 50 Cordonnet crochet cotton and size 11 steel crochet hook. Start with 18 ch sts, turn, 1 sl cr d c into the 4th st, 1 d c into the next st, 3 ch sts, skip 2 sts, 1 sc, 3 ch sts, skip 2 sts, * 1 d c, 3 ch sts, skip 1 st, repeat * until you have 8 d c, 7 ch sts, turn.

Second Row—1 d c into each st for 15 d c, 5 ch sts, skip 5 sts, 1 d c into next d c, 2 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Third Row—2 d c, 2 ch sts, skip 2 sts, 1 s c, 3 ch sts, 1 d c, into each d c for 12 d c, 3 ch sts, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, loop of previous row, 3 ch sts, 1 a c over same loop forms a p, 7 ch sts, 1 d c over same loop, 5 ch sts, turn.

Fourth Row—1 p over last loop of previous row, 7 ch sts, 1 p over next loop, 5 ch sts, skip 3 sts, 1 d c into each of next 9 sts, 5 ch sts, 3 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Fifth Row—2 d c, 3 ch sts, skip 2 sts, 1 s c, 3 ch sts, skip 2 sts, 6 d c, 7 ch sts, 1 s c over loop, 7 ch sts, 3 d c over next loop, 7 ch sts, turn.

Sixth Row—1 p, 7 ch sts, 2 d c over next loop, 1 d c into 6 d c, 2 d c over next loop, forming a group of 7 d c, 7 ch sts, 1 p over loop, 7 ch sts, 1 d c, 5 ch sts, skip 1 st, 3 d c, 5 ch sts, turn.

Seventh Row—2 d c, 3 ch sts, skip 2 sts, 1 s c, 3 ch sts, skip 2 sts, 3 d c into 3 d c, 3 d c over next 3 sts, forming a group of 9 d c, 7 ch sts, 1 p, 7 ch sts, 3 d c into d c at center of group, 7 ch sts, 1 p, 5 ch sts, turn.

Eighth Row—1 p, 7 ch sts, 1 p, 7 ch sts, 3 d c over 9 d c of next 3 sts, forming a group of 9 d c, 5 ch sts, skip 5 sts, 3 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Ninth Row—2 d c, 3 ch sts, skip 2 sts, 1 s c, 3 ch sts, skip 2 sts, 12 d c, 7 ch sts, 1 p, 7 ch sts, turn.

Tenth Row—1 d c, 5 ch sts, skip 5 sts, 3 d c, 3 ch sts, turn, completing figure; this pattern curves easily and lies flat as finished edge.

For the napkin edge, draw the threads of the linen to measure 12x12 inches, form a narrow hem, over this make * 15 s c, 5 ch sts, forming a p, repeat *, for the four sides. One or three rings may be used to decorate one corner.

When these linens are taken for more ordinary use an attractive design of eyelet and French embroidery can be stamped and worked and, behold, one has another luncheon set.

When You Lack for Trimming

THERE is no question about it frocks and millinery for making those huge bead chains which are often responsible for "making" or otherwise uninteresting costume. Of course, the crudeness was to some extent eliminated before the beads were actually applied; for instance, they were stenciled with rather bold designs, and then varnished or shellacked for the finish.

While on the hunt for old things to use in a new way, the girl saw a box of bright tube-shaped straws also used for stringing in the kindergarten class. Then she had another idea. Why not use these for trimming, too? So she bought them for a ridiculously small sum, stamped simple, effective designs on a georgette blouse, the front panel of a satin frock, and the brim of a peasant straw hat. Then she proceeded to outline the designs with the satiny straw tubes, using a stitch to a straw. You can't imagine the lightness and effectiveness of this trimming. It is capable of so many pleasing variations, too.

So the next time your favorite trimming counter doesn't offer you the thing you want, try the kindergarten supplies. Another awfully clever person never goes anywhere else but the upholstery department for her exterior decorations, and she achieves some marvelously interesting effects. Get away from the beaten path once in a while and you are sure, if you keep your eyes wide open, to get a real find.

Crocheted Rugs

SIDE by side with oriental rugs costing hundreds of dollars you will find in the large carpet and rug shops the rag rugs, either woven or crocheted. They cost from $5 up, according to size —something of a difference from $500 or even $5,000 for the eastern product. And yet in their place these rag rugs are just as appropriate and just as stylish as the others.

Did you ever make one? They are fascinating piecework, almost as engrossing as filet crochet. You may braid the rags and sew them round and round or you may crochet them. The latter is the newer and easier process.

For the beginner the *hit-and-miss effect* is easiest; besides, it gives one a chance to use up all sorts of odds and ends from the piecebag. Roughly speaking, it takes about a pound and a quarter of rags to make one square yard of rug. The woolen rags should be torn about a half inch thick; thin rags an inch and a half. They are sewn together firmly with a neat seam that will not ravel.

To make a round rug, crochet a chain of five stitches with a needle to be bought for this purpose. It is extra large. Join the chain in a ring and crochet around and around, widening as it seems necessary by putting two stitches of single crochet in one stitch. If your work is the rug will be apt to curl; if it is too loose the rug will bulge and ruffle on the edges. You will have to use the judge.

For the oblong rug, crochet a chain of ten stitches. Join and crochet around, making two stitches at the corners and increasing this number as it seems necessary in preceding rows.

Beautiful rugs can be had by crocheting in rows of color. Black borders and rows can be made from old stockings—they are really more satisfactory than thinner rags. Rainbow effects are pretty, shading from a light color in the center to the deeper hues of the spectrum at the edge. You will find a dark border in every case most effective.

Crocheted Cluny Edges.

ONE little bride was ingenious enough to crochet the edges of a cluny lace *bureau scarf* to make it a little bit different. The room was in pink, so it was pink crochet cotton that was usual. The effect was so pleasing that all the little bride's friends are now reveling in "crochet rooms."

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ROOTS—HERBS AND EVERGREENS

$5. A DAY GATHERING EVERGREENS, roots and herbs. Ginseng, $14 [illegible] Conn.

That Old Hat.

IF YOU are one of those patriotic girls who find that you must get along with last year's hat, you will find that it is neither difficult nor impossible to do. This war year has wrought many changes in family budgets, and if your brother is wearing khaki, you will need to contribute more to the household pocketbook and economize on clothes. Hats are always a big item of expense, so many girls are wearing last year's hat with good success.

The faded leghorn hat that did good service all last summer at the shore was brought forth this spring as a smart model had a new wide white satin rosette of moire ribbon. It was greatly admired and cost about a dollar.

The old hat was in the shape of shape, so first it was carefully pressed with a hot iron. To do this, cover the brim with a damp cloth and press it with the iron. Both sides of the brim must be pressed, and the crown turn up the hat and use the iron inside the crown.

After the hat was shaped, the next step was dipping it in some fast color dye may be purchased at any drug store for 25 cents. One point to remember when dipping a hat is to select the original color and the new color. For instance, if your hat is yellow and you want to make it green, use Blue Herring. Directions on the package will suggest the correct color. A natural colored leghorn needs only purple dye.

After the hat was thoroly dry and evenly coated it was trimmed. A broad band of moire ribbon was placed around the crown and a jaunty rosette of moire ribbon placed a little to the right side of the front. A wreath of artificial roses was a hat of this kind, and could not be recognized from the old faded leghorn of last summer.

A clever girl who is devoting most of her spending money to war relief work recently wore a Panama and was a medium-sized "mushroom" shape.

The hat required a thoro brushing and pressing before it was dyed a dark battleship gray. For trimming, gray velvet was laid in prim folds around the crown and folded into a flat bow at the center front. A novel touch was introduced by a few steel beads which sparkled on the velvet bow.

Those who must wear last year's hat will find many attractive ways to make it over. Old sport hats such as leghorn or Panama can be remade into unusually becoming tailored hats for spring afternoons.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

Classified Want Ad Information If you have hesitated to try Classified Advertising for fear your lack of experience in writing advertisements might stand in your way you need delay no longer. Just write a letter to The Classified Dept., W. D. Boyce Co., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. State fully what you wish to advertise and the amount of money you can devote to it. Copy will at once be submitted for your approval. Rate 30c a word. Not less than 14 words accepted.
W. D. BOYCE COMPANY, Publisher

SALESMEN WANTED

SALESMEN—CITY OR TRAVELING. EXperienced or inexperienced. Send for our valuable free book, "A Knight of the Grip," list of openings and full particulars. Fit yourself to earn the big salaries—$2,500 to $10,000 a year. Prepare in spare time to make a success like thousands of our members have done. Our course contains careful training with practical experience. Immediate and unlimited employment service rendered members. Address nearest office. Dept. 102, Natl. Salesmen's Tr. Ass'n, Chicago—San Francisco—New York.

UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY; CAPABLE SPECIALTY salesman; established concern. New strong proposition in several trade. Staple goods. Present conditions offer unlimited opportunity to the big active one. The Managerial Jewelry Company, 255 Continental Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.

SALESMEN AND SERVICE MEN—NEW carburetor for Ford cars. Simple, not a moving part. Installed in thirty minutes. Guaranteed to double your mileage and start in zero weather without heating or priming. 15 day free trial. Write, U. & J. Carburetor Co., 2031 Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

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UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY FOR REAL live men or women agents to make big money selling Spik and Span Washing Tablets to the economical housewife. Spik and Span saves half the cost of soap and hours of hard labor and drudgery on wash days, will positively not injure the finest linen or hands. No rubbing necessary. Our goods contain no chemicals. Spik and Span is also highly harmless to delicate cloth fiber. To reliable agents we will give exclusive territory. Spik and Span salesmen distribute among your friends and neighbors. Write at once for our $1.00 free advertising certificate that we will send with each 15 cent sample. Spik and Span Co., $1,000 or return the goods at our expense. Be the first to get our agency proposition in this advertisement and ask us for our $1.00 free advertising certificate that we will send with each 15 cent package. This offer will stand for a very limited time only. Address Nevada Supply Co., 200-214 North Peoria Street, Chicago, Ill.

WE WANT LIVE AGENTS, CANVASSERS, salesmen, general agents, managers and executive territorial representatives to handle the fastest selling proposition ever offered—retails at only $2.00—can be carried in pocket—every person needs one—large commission and store to a prospect—unlimited possibilities for the right men—write quick for big profits. Write us at once and be sure and state what you have been doing and what references you think you can make good with us. Address Manager, 1000 Security Bldg., Chicago.

I WANT 100 MEN AND WOMEN TO ACT as my agents and take orders for Kastlose underwear. Every one is delighted. I get orders taken during his spare time in one week more than my last month's. Wonderful values. A dandy coat for $3.98. Four average sales a day means $40 a week profit and an automobile free at the end of six months' work. Don't wait—write today. I'll give you a sample coat and complete outfit for getting orders, all free, and a very liberal offer. Comer Mfg. Co., Dept. B122, Dayton, Ohio.

WORK YOU EVER OFFERED A GROCERY store? Our proposition is better. Let us tell you how you can handle canned goods, provisions, an entire line of groceries, as well as paints, roofing, wall paper, automobile and machinery oils and greases. No rent to pay. No investment in stock. Large profits. Credit given. Over 300 lines of guaranteed and proven quality. Selling experience not necessary. Write today asking for "workers." Address, Hitchcock Hill Co., Dept. 21, Chicago, Ill. Established 1857. Any bank or express company.

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AGENTS: SELL HIGH-GRADE IMPORTED 3/4x28 rugs, $1 each. Carter, Texas, sold 118 in four days; profit $57. Others do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory; sample rug by parcel post prepaid. Mfg. Concord Rug Co., 1000 Jackson, Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS—A NEW ONE; HARPER'S FIBRE Broom and Top—Self Whisking. Saves broom dust and expense; lightens housework; easy seller; first order returnable. Harper Brush Works, Fairfield, Iowa, Ia.

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AGENTS: BIG PAY AND AUTOMOBILE furnished hustlers introducing wonderful concentrated extract. Enormous repeaters. Sample outfit free. L. Ballwey, 7 Sta. F, Louisville, Ky.

AGENTS—WATER-PROOF KITCHEN APron. Every housewife buys. Dainty, durable, economical, soft-proof, grease-proof sample free. Thomas Co., 2111 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

SELL "MY MILITARY RECORD." SOLdiers, mothers, sweethearts, relatives buy them. McKeown's sold four days $1139. New, big bit. Price 75c. Information free. Mohler, Box 452, Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED—(Continued)

AGENTS: $40 A WEEK SELLING GUARANteed hosiery. Every man, woman and children. Must wear 12 months or replaced free. Agents having wonderful success. Thomas Mfg. Co., 2211 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

WE START YOU WITHOUT A DOLLAR— Soaps, extracts, perfumes, toilet goods, experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 28 S. Main, St. Louis.

AGENTS—$20 TO $100 A WEEK. FREE samples gold sign letters for stores and office windows. Liberal offer to general agents. Metallic Letter Co., 416 N. Clark, Chicago.

AGENTS—QUICK SELLER, 245% PROFIT each 25c sale. No license required. We deliver and collect. Write today. Mission Bead Co., Factory 21, Los Angeles, Cal.

AGENTS — I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

HELP WANTED

UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY FOR REAL live men or women agents to make big money selling Spik and Span Washing Tablets to the economical housewife. Spik and Span saves half the cost of soap and hours of hard labor and drudgery on wash days, will positively not injure the finest linen or hands. No rubbing necessary. Our goods contain no chemicals. Spik and Span is also highly harmless to delicate cloth fiber. To reliable agents we will give exclusive territory. Spik and Span salesmen distribute among your friends and neighbors. Write at once for our $1.00 free advertising certificate that we will send with each 15 cent package. Spik and Span Co., $1,000 or return the goods at our expense. Be the first to get our agency proposition in this advertisement and ask us for our $1.00 free advertising certificate that we will send with each 15 cent package. This offer will stand for a very limited time only. Write, C. Newberry Co., 2000-2014 North Peoria Street, Chicago, Ill.

U. S. GOVERNMENT WANTS THOUSANDS of clerks at Washington, immediately, for war time increase. Many $1,000 yearly after increase. Men—women 18 or over. 7 hour day. 30 days' vacation. Short hours. Common education sufficient. Your country needs you now. Special coaching for examinations during these stirring war times. Write immediately for free list of positions. Franklin Institute, Dept. F 21, Rochester, N. Y.

MEN—WOMEN WANTED FOR GOVERNment positions, $100-$250 month. Examinations immediately. Good salaries; permanent employment; vacations; short hours. Write for free list of positions. We prepare you and you secure a position or we refund your money. Columbian Correspondence Schools, 1066 Majestic Building, Washington, D. C.

MEN—EARN A SWELL, STYLISH, HANDsome tailored suit for spare time and make up to $40.00 weekly as our special representatives. $325 sample line of all-wool cloths. Write for Free Book of 1918 fashions with liberal samples and amazing suit offer. Daily Tailoring Co., Dept. 1, Chicago.

BE INDEPENDENT. CHIROPRACTIC DOCtors earn $3,000 to $5,000 yearly. Easy terms. Only good paying profession quickly learned by correspondence; low rates; easy payments. Write today for free booklet. American University, 172 Manierre Building, Chicago.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money, to secure bargains, to buy, sell or exchange goods or services. Watch them.

WE WILL START YOU IN THE CLEANing and dyeing business, little capital required. Big profits. Send for free booklet. Ben-Vonde System, Dept. 2, Charlotte, N. C.

BIG DEMAND FOR TRAINED NURSES. 120 weeks. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. F 324, Rochester, N. Y.

MALE HELP WANTED

I WILL PAY ANY HONEST MAN UP TO $50 monthly for part of spare time. No canvassing. Enclose stamp. Mr. Jones, Box 308, Desk 308, Omaha, Nebraska.

GOVERNMENT EXAMINATIONS — THORough preparation. Retained if not appointed. Particulars free. American Civil Service School of Instruction, D., Detroit.

MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UNnecessary. Travel; make secret investigations; reports. Write Ludwig Siegren, former Chief Foreign Detective Agency, 135, St. Louis.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, $150 MONTHLY; 8 hours, $140. Colored porters wanted everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 656 Railway Bureau, East St. Louis, Ill.

NATIONAL DETECTIVE AGENCY WANTS men. Write detective work. Write Box 667, Pittsburgh, Pa.

BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPORtunity. Write, Wagner System, 1785 C St., Ludwig, 339 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

FIVE BRIGHT, CAPABLE LADIES TO travel, demonstrate and sell dealers. $75.00 per week. Experience unnecessary. Write Goodrich Drug Company, Dept. 84, Omaha, Neb.

WOMEN TO SEW. GOODS SENT FREE. Paid to your door; plain sewing; steady work; no canvassing. Send stamped envelope for prices paid. Universal Co., Dept. 84, Philadelphia, Pa.

INFORMATION

HELP FOR YOU. EFFICIENCY ADVISER will answer ten questions. Enclose 25 cents. Box 8, Calesburg, 972 Ashland ave., St. Paul, Minnesota.

UNDERGROUND TREASURES

UNDERGROUND TREASURES—HOW AND where to find them. Particulars for stamp. Bee Company, Kansas City, Missouri.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

DO YOU WANT $5,000 A YEAR INCOME without any work, money or inconvenience? Then investigate our co-operative fig orchard enterprise. If you can invest $300 and locate fig orchard and interest in co-operative preserving factory. Best fig grown. Estimated profits from 5 acre orchard $2,525.00 annually or more. Experience unnecessary. Figs cannot be supplied on account of the limited area for growing and lack of facilities for preserving fruit for the market. Best investment on earth. Assures you an orchard home in the most fascinating country in the world and an independent income for life. Limited offer limited. Don't put off, but act. Send for it today. Address, Gulf Coast Fig Orchards Association, 623 Dept. 34, Merchants Bank Building, Indianapolis, Ind.

$5 PAYS FOR 100 SHARES BY RETURN mail. Oil dividends will pay for 20 days 1,000 shares of Money-Back Oil Company (at present price, now drilling in Big Horn County, Wyoming, on 16 well joint producing and refining agreement. Send for booklet which guaranteed before July 4, 1918. Under the bank certificate plan every penny-back dollar antes issued by two National and two State banks. Money-Back Oil Company, Suite 600 Foster Bldg., Denver, Colo.

$1 DOES IT. ARE YOU GETTING MONTHly dividends on your investments? Wells monthly in Texas oil fields. $1 monthly few shares. Write quick for free booklet telling cooperative well and participation in entire production. May pay 10% or more monthly. Write today. Mid-Kansas Oil & Gas Co., Texas Oil Co., 509 DeMenil Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

$10 FILES 10 ACRES OIL PAYMENTS. A may bring fortune. Only company authorized under Texas blue sky law. Folder free. King Oil & Whirl Co., Seattle, Wash.

LATEST WYOMING OIL MAP SENT FREE. Shows prices now making millionaires daily. Write Midwest Investment Bureau, Boston Block, Minneapolis, Minn.

PATENTS

PATENTS SECURED QUICKER—NEW EXperts in patent service! Report on your invention is free. Charges not higher than 10 days to prepare your case for filing. Get our free booklet telling how to proceed. Send sketch or model for prompt search and report. Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, 624 F St., Washington, D. C.

PATENT YOUR IDEAS. BOOKS, "HOW TO Obtain a Patent" and "What to Invent" sent free. Highest references. Best results. Promptness assured. Send sketch or model for free search. Victor J. Evans & Co., 767 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

PATENT YOUR IDEAS. Protect your rights. Highest references. Established 24 years. Address Charles A. Chandler, patent attorney, Dept. 2, Washington, D. C.

YOUR IDEA WANTED. PATENT YOUR INvention. I'll help you market it. Send for list showing hundreds of inventions I have wanted, etc. Advice free. Highest references. Prompt service. Richard B. Owen, Patent Lawyer, 25 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

WANTED, AN IDEA: WHO CAN THINK of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions," "Patent Buyers," "How to Obtain and Sell Patents," "Where Is Money," Randolph & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 174, Washington, D. C.

INVENT SOMETHING. YOUR IDEAS MAY bring wealth. Send postal for free book. Tells what to invent and how we help you get through our credit system. Talbert & Talbert, 457S Talbert Building, Washington, D. C.

PROTECTIVE PATENTS PROCURED and foreign trade-marks registered. Robb & Robb, 240-253 Southern Building, Washington, D. C.

ROOTS—HERBS, ETC.

WANTED—ALL KINDS OF MEDICINAL roots, herbs, etc. We pay the highest prices. Many common weeds growing around you are valuable. Some growing around your own home. You have a fortune right around your own home and don't know it. Send stamp for our price list. Herb Guide is containing full information about collecting roots, herbs, barks, flowers, seeds, etc., and prices paid for same. We buy all kinds. Ginseng, golden seal, etc. you can gather and pay the highest cash prices. The Herb Guide is free for the asking. Write and send for the "Root and Herb Guide" at once and get your share of the cash. Inclose stamps, money order or registered letter. The 25 cents paid for "Root and Herb Guide" is refunded on your first order. Address, L. L. Grund Co., Botanical Drugs, Logan Station, Philadelphia, Pa.

MOTION PICTURE BUSINESS

LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THIS business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfits sold on easy payments. Machines guaranteed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Morton Building, Chicago.

$100 TO $200 PROFIT WEEKLY. COMplete motion picture machines, films, etc., furnished on easy payment plan. No experience necessary. Big demand for everything. Nonstop Film Service, Dept. 1-A, 228 Union Ave., Memphis, Tenn.

SONG POEMS

WHO WILL WRITE THE SONG HIT OF the war? If you have an idea suitable for such a song, write for free booklet, "Songwriters' Manual and Guide." We revise poems, compose music, secure copyright and facilitate free publication or sale. Poems submitted, examined free. Knickerbocker Studios, 113 Gaiety Bldg., N. Y. C.

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BE COMFORTABLE IN WARM WEATHER. Wear Bakers Patent Swing Springs on belt, pressing against hips. Trousers can't sag. Outlasts any suspender. Send only waist measure and 75c. Refunded, if not satisfied. Circular free. C. O. Baker, Mr. Fertile, Miss.

MEDICAL

FREE TREATMENT FOR THE WORST forms of blood disease. Welch Medicine Co., Jacksonville, Fla.

CONSTIPATED? USE EWS INTESTINAL Tablets, 50c per package. Ews Laboratory, 7141 & Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago.

TOBACCO HABIT

TOBACCO OR SNUFF HABIT CURED OR no pay. $1.00 if cured. Remedy sent on trial. Superba Co., 4 Commerce, Md.

POULTRY

GET MORE EGGS—WONDERFUL EGG producing formula 10c coin. Wm. J. Wechler, Hampton, Ia.

PERSONAL

SUFFERERS FROM NERVOUS, WEAK, run down conditions should take Juven Pills. They accomplish marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing power than has ever before been offered. Sent postpaid only on receipt of $1. Testimonials and 41 by C. I. Hood Co., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, Lowell, Mass.

MEN!—SEXTONIQUE NEVER FAILS TO restore lost manhood. For troubled with nervous, weak, run-down and despondent conditions that undermine good health. Costs $3 a package. Sent in plain wrapper. Write Cumberland Chemical Co., 32 Barry Block, Nashville, Tenn.

MARRY. THOUSANDS CONGENIAL PEOple, worth from $1,000 to $50,000 wealthy, many personally acquainted with parties. Introductions free. Sealed, Either sex. Send no money. Reliable. Standard Co., 1, Grand Avenue, Lake, Ill.

MEN WHO ARE NERVOUS. RUN DOWN with impaired physical force and vigor, etc., will find permanent relief in our tonic. Write for free booklet telling how. Many of treatment sent sealed for stamp. Retailers send for prices.

MEN ON THE DOWN GRADE, REMEMBER We cure varicocele, stricture, chronic, nervous diseases, blood poison, kidney and bladder cases. Book written, hands and advice free, sealed. Medical Institute, 1144 Madison, Toledo, Ohio.

A MOTION TO GET SOMEONE THE SPECIAL offer in which Nox, to be variously effective in vitalizing diseases, every man who will have it tested. Send 10 cents to Dept. Nox, 110 North Pearl St., Buffalo, N. Y.

WE GUARANTEE RENEWAL WITHIN TEN days. Either sex. Send no money for six day guarantee and new plan. Pay when satisfied. Dr. Marshall, Dept. 1, Kalamazoo, Mich.

LADIES. GERMAN SECRET SOLVES THE prohibition problem. The easiest, most secret and simple thing out. For full particulars send 4c stamp to Dept. B, Lock Box, Evansville, Evans.

LONELY MAIDEN, 24, WOULD CORREspond with gentleman matrimonially inclined. Pictures exchanged. B. L., Box 154, Syracuse, N. Y.

MARRY — FREE PHOTOS, BEAUTIFUL descriptions and directory; pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 18, Kansas City, Mo.

A ATTRACTIVE YOUNG MAIDEN, 21, WORTH $5,000, desires to correspond with respectable gentleman. K. Warn, 2216% Temple St., Los Angeles, Cal.

FOR SPEEDY MARRIAGE, BEST, LARGEST in country. Established 12 years. Thousands of wealthy members everywhere. Free. Reliable Club, Mrs. Wrubel, Oakland, Calif.

DO THE DEAD RETURN? HOW I FOUND out. Sent for 10c silver. Psychic Student, Box 1, Station B, Kansas City, Mo.

MATRIMONIAL PAPER AND DESCRIPtions free. Many wealthy (sealed). Reliable. Correspondence Langdon, 807 Arbor Ave., Dayton, Ohio.

FASCINATING ROSE DEW-DROP PERfume. Lasts for months. Beautiful bottle and sample $1.00 hour. D. Union Perfume Co., Dept. 1, Chicago.

JOIN THE FRIENDSHIP EXCHANGE. Logansport, Indiana. Receive letters and photos of members everywhere. Membership 10c. Beautiful gift free.

15 CARDS DIFFERENT READING FOR 15 cents. Agents wanted. W. J. Wheeler, Cash, Ark.

WHICH, WHITE A JOLLY MAIDEN OF means? (stamp). Lillian Sproul, Station H, Cleveland, O.

MEN SUFFERING WITH WEAKNESS ADdress Box 296, Sacramento, Ca., for free information. Mailed sealed.

ARRIAGE PAPER WITH NAMES, ADdresses, photos, descriptions, sealed 25c. Box 2285 B, Boston, Mass.

WHILE YOU WAIT WITH TO LONELY YOUNG widow worth $25,000? Would marry. Address Mary, Box 191, Los Angeles, Cal.

GET MARRIED — BEST MATRIMONIAL paper published. Free for stamp. Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

MARRY RICH. HUNDREDS ANXIOUS TO marry. Descriptions and photos free. Howard, Grand Rapids, Mich.

2 BATHING BEAUTY POSES — PORTRY men like—gentlemen's article and catalog 10c. Richard Co., Rick Co., Logansport, Ind.

These City Physicians Explain Why They Prescribe Nuxated Iron

To Make Healthier Women and Stronger, Sturdier Men

NOW BEING USED BY OVER THREE MILLION PEOPLE ANNUALLY

By enriching the blood and creating thousands of new red blood cells, it often quickly transforms the flabby flesh, toneless tissues, and pallid cheeks of weak, anaemic men and women into a glow of health. Increases the strength of delicate, nervous, run-down folks in two weeks' time in many instances.

IT is conservatively estimated that over three million people annually in this country alone are taking Nuxated Iron. Such astonishing results have been reported from its use both by doctors and laymen that a number of physicians in various parts of the country have been asked to explain why they prescribe it so extensively, and why it apparently produces so much better results than were obtained from the old forms of inorganic iron.

Extracts from some of the letters received are given below:

Dr. Ferdinand King, a New York Physician and Medical Author, says: "There can be no vigorous iron man without iron. Pallor means anaemia. Anaemia means iron deficiency. The skin of anaemic men and women is pale; the flesh flabby. The muscles lack tone, the brain fags and the memory fails, and they become weak, nervous, irritable, despondent and melancholy. When the iron goes from the blood of women the roses go from their cheeks.

Dr. Ferdinand King, New York Physician and Medical Author.

"In the most common foods of America, the starches, sugars, table syrups, candies, polished rice, white bread, soda crackers, biscuits, macaroni, spaghetti, tapioca, sago, farina, degerminated corn-meal, no longer is iron to be found. Refining processes have removed the iron of Mother Earth from these impoverished foods, and silly methods of home cookery, by throwing down the wastepipe the water in which our vegetables are cooked, is responsible for another grave iron loss.

"Therefore you should supply the iron deficiency in your food by using some form of organic iron, just as you would use salt when your food has not enough salt."

Dr. A. J. Newman, Late Police Surgeon of the City of Chicago and former House Surgeon Jefferson Park Hospital, Chicago.

Dr. A. J. Newman, late Police Surgeon of the City of Chicago and former House Surgeon, Jefferson Park Hospital, Chicago, in commenting on Nuxated Iron, says: "It has been my particular duty during the past six years to assist in keeping Chicago's five thousand bluecoats in good health and perfect fighting trim so that they would be physically equipped to withstand all manner of storms and the ravages of nature's elements.

"Recently I was prompted through an endorsement of Nuxated Iron by Dr. Schuyler C. Jaques, formerly Visiting Surgeon of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, New York, to give it a trial. This remedy has proven through my own tests of it to excel any preparation I have ever used for creating red blood, building up the nerves, strengthening the muscles and correcting digestive disorders."

Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), N. Y., and the Westchester County Hospital, said: "I have strongly emphasized the great necessity of physicians making blood examinations of their weak, anaemic, run-down patients. Thousands of persons go on year after year suffering from physical weakness and a highly nervous condition due to lack of sufficient iron in their red blood corpuscles, without ever reaching the real and true cause of the trouble. Without iron in your blood your food merely passes through the body almost like corn through an old mill with rollers so wide apart that the mill can't grind.

Dr. James Francis Sullivan, Formerly Physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), New York, and the Westchester County Hospital.

"But in my opinion you can't make strong, vigorous, successful, sturdy iron men by feeding them on metallic iron. The old forms of metallic iron must go through a semi-digestive process to transform them into organic iron—Nuxated Iron—before they are so ready to be taken up and assimilated by the human system.

"Notwithstanding all that has been said and written on this subject by well-known physicians, thousands of people still insist in dosing themselves with metallic iron simply, I suppose, because it costs a few cents less. I strongly advise readers in all cases, to get a physician's prescription for organic iron—Nuxated Iron—or if you don't want to go to this trouble then purchase only Nuxated Iron in its original packages and see that this particular name is blown in every bottle or package. If you have taken preparations such as Nux and Iron and other similar Iron products and failed to get results, remember that such products are an entirely different thing from Nuxated Iron."

Dr. Schuyler C. Jaques, Formerly Visiting Surgeon of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, of New York City, said: "I have never before given out any medical information or advice for publication, as I ordinarily do not believe in it. But in the case of Nuxated Iron I feel I would be remiss in my duty not to mention it. I have taken it myself and given it to my patients with most surprising and satisfactory results. And those who wish quickly to increase their strength, power and endurance will find it a most remarkable and wonderfully effective remedy."

Dr. T. Alphonsus Wallace, a physician of many years' experience in this country and abroad, says: "I do not make a practice of recommending advertised medicinal products, but I have found Nuxated Iron so potent in nervous, run-down conditions, that I believe all should know of it. The men and women of today need more iron in their blood than was the case twenty or thirty years ago. This because of the demineralized diet which now is served daily in thousands of homes and also because of the demand for greater resistance necessary to offset the greater number of health hazards to be met at every turn."

Dr. Schuyler C. Jaques, Formerly Visiting Surgeon of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, New York.

If people would only take Nuxated Iron when they feel weak or run-down, instead of dosing themselves with habit-forming drugs, stimulants and alcoholic beverages, there are probably thousands who might readily build up their red blood corpuscles, increase their physical energy and get themselves into a condition to ward off the millions of disease germs that are almost continually around us. It is surprising how many people suffer from iron deficiency and do not know it.

Dr. T. Alphonsus Wallace, a Physician of Many Years' Experience in This Country.

If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained. Numbers of nervous, run-down people who were ailing all the while have most astonishingly increased their strength and endurance simply by taking iron in the proper form. And this, after they had in some cases been going on for months without getting benefit from anything. Many an athlete and prize-fighter has won the day simply because he knew the secret of great strength and endurance which comes from having plenty of iron in the blood; while many another has gone down in inglorious defeat simply for lack of iron.

MANUFACTURERS' NOTE: Nuxated Iron which is prescribed and recommended above by physicians, is not a secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser, or they will refund your money. It is dispensed by all good druggists and general stores.